

SPORTS



ILLUSTRATED



JANUARY 24, 1955

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DOYLE LONG and EARL FOUCHER

Contemporaries as teacher and pupil are NCAA pole vault co-champion Earl Foucher, 20 (*right*) and protégé Doyle Long, 18, promising St. Petersburg high school vaulter. Foucher has done 14 feet 7½ inches, thinks Long can top 15 feet "with hard work." Long, whose best to date is 12 feet 6½ inches, will follow his teacher to Florida University this fall, but on a football scholarship. He hopes to play pro ball.



PAUL LIKINS

Athletic and academic prowess go hand in hand with Paul Likins, six-foot nine-inch senior at the University of North Carolina. A leading rebounder for the basketball team, Paul has a college studies average of 97.5. His only grade below A at North Carolina was a C in swimming. After graduation, Paul goes to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar, hopes eventually to enter government research as a nuclear physicist.

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

WE'VE had more than 4,000 requests for color prints of the African wild animal pictures which appeared in the Dec. 6 issue of SI—and many of you have asked, in one way or another, "Who is Ylla, the photographer who took the pictures?"

Ylla was born in Vienna, studied sculpture in Paris, and first began to photograph animals when she took a vacation on a Normandy farm. It was love at first exposure, and from that point on Ylla has remained faithful to the camera—and the animal world. She moved to this country in 1941, became a citizen in 1947, and for a number of years has been acknowledged as one of the world's great artists in animal photography. In addition to the African wild animals, you have also seen Ylla's work in the exciting shots of the fight between the mongoose and the cobra (SI, Dec. 20).

In her early encounters with some of the less gracious models of the animal kingdom, like rhinos, for instance, Ylla took chances which appalled bystanders and, in retrospect, somewhat horrify her. It wasn't bravery, she insists—merely innocence.

But she has had good fortune. Her only serious misadventure came at the claws of a personable giant panda who couldn't have meant to be nicer.

Although Ylla avers a growing discretion in her relations with wildlife, a recent cable we received from her casts some doubt on this. "WITNESSED CAPTURE OF ELEPHANTS TRAPPED IN PITS," she writes. "ALMOST FELL INTO CAMOUFLAGED PIT. WAS ALREADY HALFWAY IN DANGLING WHEN LUCKILY CAUGHT BRANCH. BELIEVE ELEPHANTS MOST WONDERFUL ANIMALS."

Ylla took the pictures of the mongoose-cobra clash a few months ago in her garden at Mysore City while the guest of the Maharaja of Mysore. Her most recent work includes a sequence as the maharaja, a hunter whose enthusiasm matches his sharp-shooting skill, bags a 600-pound tiger, a new record for the region.

At this writing Ylla is in Travancore-Cochin on the trail of lion-tailed monkeys, panthers and more tigers. She is having, as always, a most wonderful time—which means for SI's appreciative readers during the coming year more of her most wonderful animal photographs in color.

Harry Phillips

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JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

Are you in favor of
unrestricted televising
of college
football games?

MOON MULLINS, Director of Athletics

Kansas State



"Yes. The NCAA has done a wonderful job without knowing the answers. It deserves all the credit in the world.

But you can't stop progress and, in the final analysis, you can't stop TV. It's too wonderful. People want it. And they usually get what they want, even though I'll string along with the NCAA."

AL KELLEY, Football Coach

Brown University



"No. Good football teams tend to make colleges better known. Lots of kids look up to colleges with good teams, if scholastic

standing is high. It influences their choice of a college. The alumni give more generously when their team is good. With unlimited TV, fewer colleges would have good teams."

COLONEL EARL BLAIN, Football Coach

West Point



"No matter how much we try, we can't impede progress. As the years go by, we get a better way of life. The time will come when television will be regarded as radio is today. Although TV may hurt the smaller colleges, it will be temporary. They'll have to learn to live with TV. It's the only way out."

RIF ENGLE, Football Coach

Penn State



"No. Unlimited TV would put most of the colleges behind the eight ball, where radio is now. The big, football-conscious colleges would get the TV millions and the rest of us would have to sell our games for peanuts. When teams like Notre Dame blanket the country, the rich will simply get richer."

MOOSE KRAUSE, Director of Athletics

Notre Dame



"Yes. Contrary to majority NCAA opinion, unlimited TV would help create more interest in football. For instance, my 4-year-old son would rather talk about Hopalong Cassidy than sports. Radio made more fans for baseball and football. Television is a means of communication, like radio."

RED SANDERS, Football Coach

UCLA



"At this stage television is a complex problem. No one has the answers. However, as a basic premise, a football fan wants to see the game that interests him most. He may have no interest whatsoever in a local game. I'm sure of one thing. Few fans are interested in the NCAA 'Game of the Week.'"

CARL SNAVELY, Football Coach

Washington University



"On the basis of what I know, I would say no. Unlimited TV would damage the structure of college football. I suppose that, in time, TV will be as commonplace as radio for fans who want to go to games. But at present it would be a severe blow to some-tenants of the college playing football."

DENNIS J. ROBERTS, Governor

Rhode Island



"No. This would tend to lessen attendance at football games at most colleges. Many fans would stay at home and watch the big games on television. A small university like Brown might be forced to curtail its athletic program. That would do great harm to school spirit, morale and physical training."



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1-24

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CONTENTS

- 16 SOUNDTRACK** The editors report and reflect on the news
19 THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT As the camera sees it
39 SCOREBOARD and Week's Winners
61 COMING EVENTS

8 GORDON HOWE & COMPANY

The Detroit Red Wings moved into first place in the National Hockey League this week—and their key man, as usual, was the great Gordie Howe. A report on Howe, the Wings and their rivals at madison by HERBERT WARREN WIND plus four pages of spectacular hockey COLOR by HY PESKIN

15 A NOBEL PRIZE NOVELIST WRITES ON HOCKEY

Last week WILLIAM FAULKNER saw his first hockey game. Here are vivid impressions from the pen of one of the greatest of modern writers

22 THE WORLD'S MOST EXCLUSIVE GOLF COURSE

First account of the unique four-hole, one-green layout in the Maryland hills where President Eisenhower pursues his favorite sport

24 HOW TO STEAL A FIGHTER FROM A MANAGER

In a new chapter of SI's continuing examination of boxing's dirty business, ROBERT COUGHLIN, SAM WELLES and ROBERT BOTLE present the first-person stories of managers who have been caught in the big squeeze applied by Jim Norris and the IBC monopoly

28 WESTERN SKIERS START YOUNG

Free ski schools are turning out a new crop of champions. By WOLFGANG LERT

38 HUNTING AT HORSESHOE PLANTATION

Photographer TONI FRISSELL visits the fabulous Florida home of Mrs. George F. Baker

46 PRO BASKETBALL AT MIDSEASON

An examination of the remarkable team from Fort Wayne that is leading all its big-city rivals in the professional game, with a tick-off of the NBL's leading players, by GERALD ASTOR

50 THE GREAT NONILLION-TO-ONE BRIDGE MYSTERY

At the world bridge championships in New York last week the British team won, but the sensation of the tournament was the dealing of identical hands two hours apart. DAVID MAYER explains how this happened and what the odds really were

54 MAIOS ON A MISSION

The dynamic geometry of Sweden's visiting gymnasts, caught in four memorable pages of COLOR photography by ERICH LESSING

THE DEPARTMENTS:

- 1 Pat on the Back:** Praise for those not already smothered with it
- 5 Hotboks JIMMY JENAIL** asks: Are you in favor of unrestricted televising of college football games?
- 31 Motor Sports:** JOHN BENTLEY describes the joys—and sorrows—of a road test
- 32 A Place to Be:** HORACE SUTTON takes you to Jackson Hole and other resorts
- 36 Sporting Look:** The return of the useful and ubiquitous blazer
- 62 Snow Patrol:** BILL WALLACE with the latest reports from ski country
- 63 You Should Know:** If you're going to an ice hockey game
- 65 Tip from the Top:** JOE NOVAK explains the deceptive angle of the club head
- 66 The 19th Hole:** The readers take over



COVER: Swedish gymnasts
 Photograph by ERICH LESSING

Doris Hedberg and Maud Karlén, the two pretty Swedes on this week's cover, will be on display in the U.S. for the next six weeks. The routines which they and 18 other Swedish gymnasts are showing Americans (pages 54-58) are aimed to promote keener gymnastic competition over here. The Swedes make it look easy, but their coach, Erik Landen, warns: "America already has people who can do as well as any, but to do it you must train very hard."

Acknowledgments on page 62

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE BATTLE OF THE ALLEYS: BOWLING'S GREAT ALL-STAR TOURNAMENT IN CHICAGO

This annual classic is one of the two major bowling competitions of the U.S. VICTOR KALMAN reports the strikes, spares, sweat and—perhaps—tears, and RICHARD MEEK documents these findings in photographs.

PLUS: BOXING COAST-TO-COAST, AND OLYMPIC SKIER JILL KINMONT IN COLOR

THE MEADOW BROOK HUNT

The fascination of the fox, in words by REGINALD WELLS and photographs in COLOR

COLOR ON THE COURT

Photographs by HY PESKIN of the best college basketball players, plus a word-portrait of Hot Rod Hundley by JIM McHUGH.

WHY THE REOS OUTSHOOT US

PAUL R. WALKER explains the Russian rifle and pistol victory at Carcano.

GORDON HOWE & COMPANY

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

The Detroit Red Wings moved into first place in the National Hockey League this week—as usual their key man is the quiet Saskatoon, the great Gordie Howe

DETROIT

TWO SEASONS AGO, in a game in which the Detroit Red Wings were trailing the Chicago Black Hawks by a goal and with only seconds remaining in the third and final period, the Wings' superlative right-winger, Gordon Howe, corralled the puck at center-ice and drove deep into Hawk territory. "Shoot! For heaven's sake, shoot!" bellowed Jack Adams, Detroit's veteran general manager.

Calmly, almost languidly, Howe held his shot, stuckhanded across the ice and cut in from the other wing.

"For Pete's sake, shoot, shoot!" Adams cried despairingly, one eye on Howe, the other on the second hand of the stadium clock. Again Howe held back his shot in favor of faking a defenseman behind himself and the goal, and then took a lazy half-stride in the midst of which he flicked the puck low and hard past the Chicago goalie. The buzzer, signaling the end of the game, sounded a split second after the puck had bulged into the cords at the back of the net.

"Gordie! Gordie!" Adams stammered in the dressing room after the game, thumping his palm to his forehead in the gesture of barely controlled exasperation made famous by Edgar Kennedy. "Gordie, you had two good shots you didn't take. What were you waiting for?" Howe waited a moment, then another, before answering. "Well," he finally drawled, "I guess I jus' wanted to make sure."

During his nine seasons with the Red Wings, Howe's unruffled, unhurried, Sunday-stroll-through-the-garden approach to the vigorous business of high-league hockey has periodically produced large lumps of anguish not only in the turbulent larynx of Jack Adams but also in the hearts of all good Detroit fans. Howe undoubtedly possesses the completest natural talent of any modern hockey player, and what bothers the Detroit fans is the recurring

dream of the prodigies he could perform if only he could light a fire under himself each time he steps on ice—as Maurice Richard of the Montreal Canadiens does without conscious effort, or, to name two others, "Teeder" Kennedy of the Toronto Maple Leafs and Howe's teammate Ted Lindsay, "Old Forever Furious." In the meantime, they put up as best they can with Howe just as he is. For some he is, with Richard, one of the two greatest players in the game; for others, the greatest.

HOWE'S AMAZING RECORD

The members of this latter persuasion find the record book an articulate confederate. Each of the last four seasons, Howe has led the National Hockey League in scoring, in 1950-51 with 86 points (43 goals, 43 assists), in 1951-52 with 86 points (47 goals, 39 assists), in 1952-53 with a record 95 points (49 goals, 46 assists), and last season with 81 points (33 goals, 48 assists). No other player has ever led the league more than two years in a row. This season, on top of a slow start, Howe was forced by a shoulder injury to sit out eight games—incidentally the first league games he has missed in six bruising 70-game seasons. Since his return, despite the absence of Lindsay, his old line-and-playmate who has been out with a bum shoulder, Howe has been moving at the pace of a goal and an assist a game, and before the season ends he may well catch the leaders, the ageless Richard and "Boom Boom" Geoffrion and Jean Beliveau, two young Canadians who have been having immense winters.

The Red Wings annually are a well-balanced team, anything but a one-star outfit, yet it was only after Howe came into his maturity as a hockey player (at the age of 21) during the 1948-49 season that the club began its long, uninterrupted reign as the champions of the National Hockey League.

For six straight years now the Wings have won the NHL pennant and have come to be regarded as the Yankees of hockey. Year after year, their only serious competition has been provided by Les Canadiens and the Leafs, with the other three teams—the Boston Bruins, the New York Rangers, and the Chicago Black Hawks—habitually hogged down at the bottom of the standings, in what amounts to a league of their own to determine which one of them will limp into fourth place and so qualify for the Stanley Cup play-offs, the approximate World Series of hockey. This year, as the teams enter the final third of the schedule, the same old picture obtains with but one major modification. Les Canadiens, 30¹/₂ stronger than last season, have an excellent chance of making this the year when the Detroit dynasty, like the Yankees', will at length be overthrown. Toronto has slipped a dismally notch.

The most spirited rivalry in hockey for many years was between the Leafs and Les Canadiens, a natural extension of the traditional contentiousness between the two cities (which reached something of an apex not so long ago when a Montreal newspaper announced a contest, first prize to be one week in Toronto, second prize two weeks in Toronto). In any event, this ancient hockey rivalry has tapered off, due partially to the rise of the Wings and partially to the decline of the Leafs into a team which specializes in defensive positional play and is content, after scoring a goal, to sit back and play kitty-har-the-door hockey as it attempts to make that goal grow larger and larger as the game clambers on.

In this day when superstars are becoming scarcer and scarcer, Detroit has four: Howe, Lindsay, Defenseman Leonard Patrick (Red) Kelly, and Goalie Terrence Gordon (Terry) Sawchuk. Curiously enough, of this

continued on page 10



Elusive and rugged, a six-footer who now weighs 200 pounds, Gordon Howe has been hockey's All-Star right wing and leading scorer for four years

HOCKEY continued from page 8

quartet, only one, Sawchuk, was lined up all the way by the Detroit organization. The Leafs could have easily snagged Lindsay, who attended St. Michael's College in Toronto and was regularly on view playing with the school team in the Maple Leaf Gardens. With Detroit, Lindsay has been rated the league's All-Star left wing six of the last seven years. The Leafs had the same opportunity to land Kelly, who also attended and played for St. Mike's. With Detroit, Kelly has developed into the best defenseman in the league. An intelligent, graceful, superbly conditioned athlete, the All-Canadian Boy if there ever was one, Kelly, in the words of Fred Huber, the Wings' erudite publicity director, "can maneuver the puck with his skates better than most players can with their sticks." In an early-season game with the Bruins this year, Kelly scored three goals, the first defenseman to achieve "the hat trick" since Happy Day did it some two decades ago. In the off-season, Kelly returns to the village of Simcoe, Ontario, where his family has owned tobacco and fruit farms for four generations, and prepares himself for another hockey campaign by working in the fields, covering about 14 acres a day as he primes an average of 1,200 "sticks" of tobacco.

And the Rangers—most ironic of all—could have had Howe. When he reported to the Rangers' try-out camp in Winnipeg, Gordon, one of nine children of a cement contractor, was a gangling boy of 15, a shade more deer-eyed than usual since it was his first trip away

from his home in Floral, Saskatchewan, a grumpy depot on the rim of Saskatchewan. He spent four days at the Rangers' camp, and no one noticed him. The next year he attended the Wings' try-out camp, and from that point on his progress was rapid: a season attached to the Galt junior team in the Ontario Hockey Association; a final seasoning season with Omaha in the U.S. Hockey League; then up with the Wings. Howe scored his first major league goal against Turk Broda. "It wasn't very fancy," he was remembering recently. "I just shoved it in. It was on his right. My left. I wrote many a letter home about that one."

In his second season Howe was moved up to form Detroit's first line with the veteran Sid Abel and Lindsay. The trio soon became the most powerful line in the game. Abel had one beef to register about his right-winger's style of play. "I don't mind this great stickhandling of yours," he told Howe one day, "but why stickhandle around the same player three times?"

If the Rangers failed to spot Howe's tremendous potential, it is somewhat, if not entirely, understandable. Even today, Howe is an extremely deceptive player. A few of his attributes are easily observed: he has a quick, fast, beautifully disguised shot; he is the best man in the business from 15 to 20 feet in front of the net; he can skate all night, both ways; for all of his old-plantation temperament, he can be rough and petulant on occasion; he plays his best hockey after he has been pushed around, and opponents are wise to treat him courteously; generally, he comports himself as if he had no idea

he is one of the game's great stars. On the other hand, a large number of Howe's exceptional talents are almost invisible save to the true aficionados.

"Gordie is the Charley Geiringer of hockey," his old coach, Tommy Ivan, once remarked. "By that I mean that he has both the ability and the knack for making the difficult plays look easy, routine. Richard—you can't miss his skill, it's so dramatic. Gordie—you have to know your hockey or you won't appreciate him."

FLUID POWER

Howe, for example, has a long, gliding stride which he can accelerate so effortlessly that even when he skates clean away from the opposing forwards and then circles a defenseman, he seems to be moving slower than they are. When he appears to be noodling with the puck in the offensive zone, doing nothing, he is actually plotting whether to sweep in from the right or cut to the left, preparing to shift his stick according to his move, for, like no other player in the history of hockey, he is truly ambidextrous and is always shooting at you with a forehand shot.

Also invisible is Howe's great relaxed strength which manifests itself principally in wrists as large as the average athlete's forearm. Oddly enough, or not so oddly in Howe's case, the two most theatrical exhibitions he has ever given of his power and coordination took place off the ice. A short time ago a Detroit newspaperman took Howe, a now-to-the-game golfer, to a local course to see how he compared as a distance hitter with Dixie Trout, the old Tiger pitcher, and Chick Harbert, the current PGA champion, both of whom are extraordinarily long off the tee. Howe outdrove them both.

The other demonstration took place a few Septembers ago when Lou Boudreau, then managing Cleveland, dropped in to watch a Red Wings practice the morning before a ball game against the Tigers. "Lou, I think I could hit big league pitching," Howe told him lazily. Boudreau invited him to come on out to the park that afternoon and they'd find out quickly enough in batting practice. With Sam Zoldak, a pretty good man, throwing them in, Howe lined the third pitch into the left field bleachers.

THE RED WINGS' BENCH ▶

Red Kelly (right) and Gordon Howe catch their breath between turns on the ice. For other color shots of the Wings and their rivals in action, see the following pages.



IN DETROIT HOME. Howe relaxes with his wife Colleen, an ardent hockey fan, and their son Marv, named after Marv Patech, Howe's friend and teammate.





The Detroit Red Wings (in the bright red uniforms) have reigned as the Yankees of postwar hockey. Over the last six years, they have won the National Hockey League championship six consecutive times and three times have gone on to win the grueling Stanley Cup matches played after the close of the regular schedule. The Red Wings invariably present a strong, energetic defense, as the photograph above illustrates—Dean Prentice of the New York Rangers is met by Defenseman Benny Wolt (No. 5) as he tries to drive in on Red Wing territory, already densely populated with back-checking Wings.

On the attack, the Red Wings in general play a slow-bang, punch-hounding game, relying on manpower rather than on finesse to wear down their opponents. Their offensive sorties frequently have the advantage of a "fourth forward," the great Red Kelly, perennial All-Star defenseman and a natural play-builder, shown at right (No. 4) as he leads a rush toward the Rangers' goal. Three of the last four seasons, Kelly has ranked among the top ten scorers, the only defenseman to climb into that exalted circle.







In recent Toronto-Montreal game, hard played as are all their clashes, Maurice Richard (white jersey) scrambles to get his stick on a loose puck which has just bounded off Goalie Harry Lumley, the only one of the Toronto players who has located its whereabouts



In melee in front of Canadiens' goal, Dean Prentice (white jersey), young Ranger forward who has played especially well in recent games against Montreal, battles for control of the puck with substitute Goalie Cherley Hodge, "Spider" Mazur and Bud McPherson

AN INNOCENT AT RINKSIDE

Nobel Prize Novelist William Faulkner last week saw his first hockey game. He was SF's guest at Madison Square Garden, where Montreal played the new York Rangers. Afterward Faulkner recorded these vivid impressions of a scene he found "discorded and inconsequent . . . bizarre . . . almost beautiful"

by WILLIAM FAULKNER



THE vacant ice looked tired, though it shouldn't have. They told him it had been put down only a few minutes ago following a basketball game, and after the hockey match it would be taken up again to make room for something else. But it looked not expectant but resigned, like the morose simulating ice in the Christmas store window, not before the miniature fir trees and reindeer and cozy lamplit cottage were arranged upon it, but after they had been dismantled and cleared away.

Then it was filled with motion, speed. To the innocent, who had never seen it before, it seemed discorded and inconsequent, bizarre and paradoxical like the frantic darting of the weightless bugs which run on the surface of stagnant pools. Then it would break, coalesce through a kind of kaleidoscopic whirl like a child's toy, into a pattern, a design almost beautiful, as if an inspired choreographer had drilled a willing and patient and hard-working troupe of dancers—a pattern, design which was trying to tell him something, say something to him urgent and important and true in that second before, already bulging with the motion and the speed, it began to disintegrate and dissolve.

Then he learned to find the puck and follow it. Then the individual players would emerge. They would not emerge like the sweating barehanded behemoths from the troglodyte mass of football, but instead as fluid and fast and effortless as rapier thrusts or lightning—Richard with something of the passionate glittering fatal alien quality of snakes, Geoffrion like an agile ruthless precocious boy who maybe couldn't do anything else but then he didn't need to; and others—the veteran Laprade, still with the know-how and the grace. But he had time too now, or

rather time had him, and what remained was no longer expendable that recklessly, heedlessly, successfully; not enough of it left now to buy fresh passion and fresh triumph with.

LIKE THE RAPIER

Excitement: even in rapid, hard, close physical conflict, not just with bare hands, but armed with the knife blades of skates and the hard, fast, deft sticks which could break bones when used right. He had noticed how many women were among the spectators, and for just a moment he thought that perhaps this was why—that here actual male blood could flow, not from the crude impact of a heavier fist but from the rapid and delicate stroke of weapons, which, like the European rapier or the frontier pistol, reduced mere size and brawn to its proper perspective to the passion and the will. But only for a moment because he, the innocent, didn't like that idea either. It was the excitement of speed and grace, with the puck for catalyst, to give it reason, meaning.

He watched it—the figure-darted glare of ice, the concentric tiers rising in sections stipulated by the hand-lettered names of the individual fan-club idols, vanishing upward into the pall of tobacco smoke trapped by the roof—the roof which stopped and trapped all that intent and tense watching, and concentrated it downward upon the glare of ice frantic and frenetic with motion; until the hypodermic of the speed and the motion—their violence—had no chance to exhaust itself upward into space and so leave on the ice only the swift glittering changing pattern. And he thought how perhaps something is happening to sport in America (assuming that by definition sport is something you do yourself, in solitude or not, because it

is fun), and that something is the roof we are putting over it and them. Skating, basketball, tennis, track meets and even steeplechasing have moved indoors; football and baseball function beneath covers of arc lights and in time will be rain- and coldproofed too. There still remain the proper working of a fly over trout water or the talking of a rise of birds in front of a dog or the right placing of a bullet in a deer or even a bigger animal which will hurt you if you don't. But not for long; in time that will be indoors too beneath lights and the trapped pall of spectator tobacco, the concentric sections bearing the name and device of the lion or the fish as well as that of the Richard or Geoffrion of the scoped rifle or four-ounce rod.

THE SAME LITTLE BOYS

But (to repeat) not for long, because the innocent did not quite believe that either. We—Americans—like to watch; we like the adrenal discharge of vicarious excitement or triumph or success. But we like to do also; the discharge of the personal excitement of the triumph and the fear to be had from actually setting the horse at the stone wall or pointing the overcanvassed sloop or finding by actual test if you can line up two sights and one buffalo in time. There must have been little boys in that throng too, frantic with the slow ever-repeating passage of time, panting for the hour when they would be Richard or Geoffrion or Laprade—the same little Negro boys whom the innocent has seen shadow-boxing in front of a photograph of Joe Louis in his own Mississippi town, the same little Norwegian boys he watched staring up the snowless slope of the Holmenkollen jump one July day in the hills above Oslo.

SOUNDTRACK

THE EDITORS EXAMINE 1955 ON ITS EARLY FORM, INCLUDING NEWS FROM WILLIE MAYS AND AN ESKIMO NAMED PUPPYGITWOK—AND SOME WORDS ABOUT COMMON SENSE AND COMMON HONESTY IN U.S. BOXING

Boxing barbecue

WITH SAUCES of gentle asperity, the New York Boxing Writers' Association last week served up its annual dinner to members and friends and those who came with some reasonable expectation that they might be broiled alive. For dessert there was apple pie and Rocky Graziano.

The dinner is boxing's biggest non-competitive event, graced by as many champions and other elite as the writers can assemble. All the best managers attend. Among the champions this year was Rocky Marciano, world heavyweight champion, who sat at the head table but, perhaps through inadvertence, was not introduced. Afterward there was comment that such an oversight would have been impossible in the presence of a Dempsey, a Tunney or a Louis (none of whom was there) and that, very likely, the incident might serve as a footnote on the current status of the heavyweight championship.

It was remarked in addition that Jim Norris was not present. Frankie Carbo did not show up either. But the program's seating guide listed a Robin Hood at Table No. 40.

The planned feature of the evening was a series of skits in which boxing managers were depicted in prison stripes and boxing commissioners in freight wigs. However, a rank amateur, with a part as yet unwritten, stole the show. Julius Helfand, newly appointed chairman of the state boxing commission and a racket buster of some prestige, was called upon for a few words.

But before Helfand had a chance to open up on his yet undeveloped theme, Jim Farley, who used to be a boxing commission chairman himself once, was introduced. Jim, his fine organ voice vibrating with love for boxing, paid tribute to Mickey Walker, seated on this second day, and went on from there to advise the new chairman in a fatherly way.

"I got a little bit annoyed," Jim said, addressing himself to Chairman Helfand, "with all this talk about boxing and everything being wrong with it. There's nothing wrong with boxing that can't be handled with a little common sense." Do not, he advised

Helfand, talk too much to these boxing writers "until you know what you're talking about." He then paid tribute to Jimmy Walker. Chairman Helfand sat very still.

When Helfand got up he thanked Jim for his "public advice" and went on to say: "I couldn't go one round with anyone in this room, but I can lick my weight in wildcats when I go up against a crook or a racketeer."

After that, Jacob Javits, Attorney General, picked up the Farley theme about what's wrong with boxing and, like a trumpet responding to the challenge of a hazzoon, chucked in a couple of grace notes.

"There is nothing wrong with boxing," he said, "that a little common sense and a little COMMON HONESTY can't cure."

Then Edward P. Mulrooney, a former member of the State Crime Commission who helped found the Police Athletic League as a force against juvenile delinquency and has seen many boxers emerge from it, had a few words to say, but with overtones. A white-haired, pink-cheeked man who bears his 80 years with grace, Mulrooney turned cryptic.



TWO-MILER

That came steady stride
Beats in my dome;
His feet must be goared
To a metronome.

I sure wish he'd skip
Just one big step
And sneak in a—well,
Say a jig step.

—BARNEY HUTCHINSON

"There is nothing wrong with boxing," he said, "and there's nothing wrong with boxers. Beyond that I have nothing to say. I have certain reservations."

A few days later Governor Averell Harriman, talking over WCBS Radio, expressed the feeling that boxing "has gotten among the racketeers."

"We are going to clean it out regardless of what happens," he said, "because the sport can't remain unless it's made clean."

Whammo, bammo and clang

A YEAR is a funny sort of a thing if you stand off and think about it. To begin with, "year" is a queer name even for a year. Say it aloud a few times. Of course, in a way, they're all the same, half days, half nights, part May, part November. Eighteen ninety-eight was that way. But take 1955. Or first take threshing machines. They're pretty much alike, too—clatter a lot, and waddle along dribbling wheat into sacks and blowing chaff. But run a threshing machine down a 45° grade and drop old locomotive bells into the hopper. Whammo, bammo and clang! Though the year 1955 is still young, it seems to be developing a personality of its own too.

Miller Wes Santoe has contributed to this flavor, this piquancy, by running the Sugar Bowl Mile on a soggy track in 4:14, which would have been slow even in 1932, the year Wes was born. The slow time wasn't really Wes's fault, but it did prey on the mind of a fellow named Charlie Grogan.

Charlie, a man of 39, was sitting at a bar in Riverhead, N.Y. at the time, and after a while he was unable to bear the fact that no American had come close to matching John Landy's 3:58 world record. In a flash, Grogan decided to act. He stripped down to his underwear, taped a bar chit bearing the number four to his shoulder blades and whizzed off down the street doing his best to break four minutes. "That cop," he said later, "never would have caught me if I'd had a tail wind."

The track season had hardly contributed this bracing bit of deviation before a thunderclap roused the som-

molent world of baseball. The incomparable Willie Mays, who has been playing winter-league ball in Puerto Rico, lost his temper in the park at San Juan and got into one of the most intimate and highly publicized scuffles in the history of the game. During the course of it he rolled on the ground with none other than his teammate and buddy, N.Y. Giants Pitcher Ruben Gomez. He seemed genuinely abashed and apologetic afterward, but Willie shocked his fans nevertheless—he announced that he was sick of baseball



and forthwith flew to New York for a furlough. "I guess you can get tired of anything," said the once pious outfielder. "I'm tired of playing ball. I wouldn't even play stick ball."

Boating, too, contributed something unusual to the new year's sport scene—an Eskimo named Puppygitwok-Koopanok. Both Puppygitwok and his 20-foot skin boat were flown all the way from Kotzebue, Alaska to Manhattan by the manufacturers of Mercury Outboard Motors so that Puppygitwok could put-put across New York harbor to the Statue of Liberty and thus celebrate the National Boat Show.

Puppygitwok, a poker-faced fellow with straight black hair and penetrating black eyes, took the big city in stride. He obliged his host by eating some blubber which had been especially flown in too. "How," he was asked, "did it taste?" Said Puppygitwok: "Good." Then he slipped into a loud sport slur, a flashy necktie and khaki pants and submitted to a press conference. During the process he talked a bit about Eskimo relations with Arctic mice. The relations are good. The mice spend the summer storing small succulent roots known as Eskimo potatoes in little mounds. In the fall the Eskimos walk out on the tundra, open the mounds and steal the roots—not, however, without substituting dried fish to keep the mice alive and thus able to gather more roots during the following year.

When he was asked what aspect of the great city impressed him most he said: "I saw a horse. I had never seen a horse before." What did he do on sighting the beast? "I opened the taxi-cab window and looked at him."

Puppygitwok, however, did not drive his skin boat across the bay to the Statue of Liberty. It snowed on the appointed morning and the harbor police refused to let him go. Puppygitwok did not blink an eye, although the police attitude reflected something like a lack of confidence in Eskimos. Could he have made it, snow notwithstanding? "Yes," said Puppygitwok.

A winter's tale

IT SNOWED in England and Scotland last week and the temperature fell below freezing. Forty-one of 62 scheduled English and Scottish league soccer games were postponed because of "frozen state of the grounds," and three games were halted in mid-play because of the elements. British soccer fans will have their soccer, elements or no elements, and the wholesale cancellations roused them to a state of rather turbulent discontent. This seemed like a reasonable reaction—after all, U.S. football games are sometimes played in driving snow and near-zero temperatures and nobody can deny that U.S. football is rougher (ere now, none of that) than soccer. But on closer inspection it developed that the fans weren't really dying to sit in the cold and watch soccer (although enough turned out for a game in London to pelt one hapless goalie with snowballs). The discontent stemmed from a subsidiary manifestation of the weather—the Pool Promoters Association canceled all soccer lotteries, and for the first time since 1947 it was absolutely impossible to bet on a game—even on a game which was played. In short, it wasn't the cold, it was the cupidity.

Border warfare

DIPLOMACY is fine, but as the man said when he threw his sponging brother-in-law out of the house over his wife's doubtful objections, direct action beats legislation every time.

The National Football League has been plagued for several years by the Canadian football leagues' practice of luring American players north of the border with fat checks. It was bad enough having the Canadians capturing the cream of each year's college crop, but when supposedly safe professional veterans were signed off the NFL rosters onto Canadian teams, the American clubs steamed. They blustered, they argued, they sued, all without success. Finally, they fought back. "They want a war?" said NFL Commissioner Bert Bell. "Well, then, let's have war."

The Americans began to raid Canada, reacquiring a player here and a player there to offset the players still being lost northward. After the 1954 season the big blows struck. The New York Giants persuaded their former star, Tex Coulter, to return. Then they exploded a bombshell. They signed Alex Webster, an American whose entire pro career had been in Canada and who had developed into one of the best backs in Canadian football. The Chicago Cardinals exploded a bigger bombshell. They signed Sam Etcheverry, Canada's Most Outstanding Player in 1954. Now Canada was hurt and seething. Almost at once the

Montreal Alouettes re-signed Etcheverry (an amiable young man who seemed unable to say no to anyone) over the Chicago Cardinal contract, so that Etcheverry was in the position of having jumped two contracts almost simultaneously, thus angering everyone and setting the border, one night say, ablaze.

But Canada, as with many a care-free raider when war is carried into his own back yard, suddenly lost its taste for fighting. Last week the Big Four League sued for peace. This eastern half of the Canadian professional football setup announced a new ruling. From now on, it said, no player under contract or option to play elsewhere in 1955 would be eligible for Big Four play. It recommended that the rule be adopted by the entire Canadian Rugby Union and added that Bert Bell was being contacted directly. If Bell accepted the peace terms—recognition of the Canadian leagues' place in professional football but respect for one another's option clauses—then this latest of professional football wars would be done.

Rookie senior

TENNIS PLAYER Don Budge was recalling the other day some of his memorable matches of the mid-30s when the name of one of his old opponents came up. "He could be dying, flopping on the court, skidding on his elbows, tottling on his last legs and



fainting all over the place—but he would keep trying his heart out," said Budge. "It wasn't that his style was confusing. It was just damned aggravating. Here was this little fellow who can hardly look over the net. You would put a shot away, thinking you had the best of him. But when you turned away—plop! The damned ball was back in your court!"

Budge was referring—with perfect accuracy—to a 5-foot 4-inch Georgian who campaigned around the world's tennis centers for over two decades, picking up as he went such nicknames as Mighty Mite, Mighty Atom, Atlanta Mite, Lionhearted, Gunt Killer, Possum, Retriever and even Tumblebug. His real name is Bryan Morel Grant Jr., now an Atlanta insurance broker with the same deadly serious look little Betsy Grant used to wear when knocking off big boys like Budge (whom he defeated in three of 10 meetings), Ellsworth Vines, Frank Shields, Wilmer Allison, Jack Bromwich and Jack Crawford.

Grant has reason to be serious in

continued on next page

1975. He is starting a new tennis career in the senior division, which is a sort of tennis playground for ambitious buffs who like to keep in the tournament swing after reaching the age of 45. Grant won't be 45 until next Christmas Day, but the USTA takes a lenient view of minor technicalities and allows prospective seniors to start playing in senior events any time during the year in which their 45th birthday is on the horizon. This is just fine with Betsy. Nine days after the start of the new year he won his first senior title—in the Dixie tournament at Tampa—with a three-set win over Jack Staton, last year's National Senior Clay Courts Champion.

"I feel," says Grant (who is working on getting his present 142 pounds back down to a trim 130), "that I can take my game more seriously again. For the last few years I've been the oldest man in all the tournaments I've been in. Against a man in his 20s, about all I could do was play for fun and laughs and I got some awful beatings." Not always, however. In 1952 Betsy won his 11th Southern championship at the age of 41—just 25 years after winning his first.

Today Grant is full of fond memories of the old days, and, like other athletes of his age, he may be slightly inclined to belittle the modern stars. "I've seen Tony Trabert play, but not Seixus. Trabert is good, but he isn't in the same league with Hodge, Perry or Vines. I've never seen the Australians play—except on television—but they don't look too impressive."

Betsy has been missing from Forest Hills since 1947, but this September he may be back—in quest of the Senior Championship. "As a matter of fact, I'm not in bad shape right now. My reflexes have slowed down so I can't play the nets as I used to, and my serve isn't much—but I can still hit 'em hard with my backhand."

The old Betsy Grant philosophy is still there. "Why knock the cover off the ball? You can win the point if you get the ball back once more than the other fellow. If I get serious again I think I should beat 'em all."

Amateur

THE DECEASED of the Southern Pacific AAT in the Reverend Robert Richards case was worthy of Solomon. Richards, a minister in the Church of the Brethren and the world's greatest pole vaulter, had appeared on *This Is Your Life*, a television program that appeals for the most part to the surprise-party set, who obtain some sort of eerie gratification from watching an unsuspecting victim—in this case, Richards—thrust into a place of prominence where he had no intention of going and where he might not necessarily want to be.

At any rate, there was Richards having his life re-enacted before his eyes. After it was over—but before the show was over—he was rewarded publicly for his pain. Among his rewards were an automobile, a motion-picture camera and a projector. As an added filip, a \$1,000 donation was made to the U.S. Olympic Fund.

Now, an amateur Richards is and an amateur he intends to stay. An athlete who accepts rewards of substantial monetary value for athletic accomplishments is, *ipso facto*, a professional. The first thing Richards did after the program was ask if his amateur status was endangered by the gifts. If so, he said, thank you very much but take them back. In New York Dan Ferris, the AAU's watchdog of amateurism, said almost frantically that Richards could not keep the car and wired the Southern Pacific AAU to look into the matter.

The Southern Pacific AAU did. With rare discernment they decided that the gifts had been given not to Richards, but to his church for the use of its pastor, who happened to be Richards, and that there was therefore nothing to endanger Richards' amateur standing. For Richards to earn gifts for his church was no more professional than for him to earn a \$1,000 donation for the Olympic Fund.

The cynics snorted, but others, who have seen amateur college football players driving to practice in glittering new convertibles or who remember the \$4,735 wedding gift of Australian tennis fans to Frank Sedgman which prompted Red Smith to write that Sedgman was, pound for pound, the most amateur tennis player in

the world, regarded the AAU's decision on Richards as wise, fair and sensible.

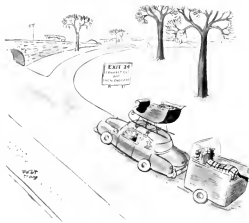
At any rate, Richards was cleared and in his joy sprang 3,000 miles east to Houston and 15 feet 3½ inches directly aloft, once he reached there, to set a new pole-vaulting record for the 20th Boston K. of C. indoor games.

For dear old Acme

VILLANOVA UNIVERSITY had one of its most ineffective football teams one victory, nine defeats: in 1954. At the same time, it had the most profitable season in its history—thanks to a tie-up with Acme Supermarkets, the Philadelphia food-store chain which bought and gave away tickets to Villanova home games with food purchases of \$10 or more (\$1, Sept. 27). As a result, there were 95,000 fans in Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium when Villanova lost to Mississippi; 60,000 on hand when Villanova lost to Houston. Happy Villanova has renewed the contracts of its coaches for next season—a sure sign that the heat is off so far as the alumni are concerned.

But, on another day a cloud—at present no larger than a No. 2 can of yellow #1 pencils—appeared on the horizon. No word of complaint from Acme Supermarkets, mark you, but the trade magazine *Superworks* *News* came right out in print with a candid editorial observation. "The [Acme] promotion might have been even more successful had Villanova possessed a better team."

If Villanova can take a hint, it will do a little dying for dear old Acme next fall.



THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

**MIDSUMMER MADNESS IS AN OLD STORY BUT
PEOPLE LIKEWISE DO STRANGE THINGS IN WINTER;
HEREWITH THREE PAGES OF EXAMPLES . . .**



ITEM NO. 1

The hand preferring a dead fish above belongs to a skin diver named Richard Ferg who prowled under the ice of a Connecticut lake to see what it was like. He found it cold, dark and very dangerous.



ITEM NO. 2

**Nerby divers plummet 100 feet
for world title and \$500 cash**

It comes gently, but winter does come to Panama City, Panama, and with it bold divers to compete at dizzy heights for the world's professional high-diving

title. As the present champion, Don Hopka, flashed downward from 100 feet in a gainer, both the pool and the \$500 first prize seemed very small.



ITEM NO. 3

English wags unite to rescue women from pitfalls and pratfalls of skiing

Some men cloak their madder moments in a righteous cause, and that is why a squad of English collegians suddenly appeared wearing black ties, dress shirts and tuxedos on the ski slopes of Zurs, Austria. They had banded together to rescue "fallen women," and a ski slope seemed the perfect place. Why the tuxedos? To give skiing a much-needed touch of elegance. Down the mountain they sped like gaunt and giddy penguins.

At the bottom they rescued a comely vacationer, Jacqueline Popper. She had not fallen, but any minute, figured the collegians, in such cold weather and such a skimpy chiffon dress, Jacqueline might be frozen stiffer than a Yule log.



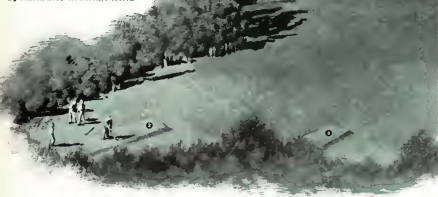
CLAIMING THEY RESCUED HER, COLLEGIANS TOAST MISS POPPER WITH CHAMPAGNE

A FIRST LOOK:

WORLD'S MOST EXCLUSIVE GOLF COURSE

At his Camp David retreat, President Eisenhower pursues his favorite sport on a unique four-hole, one-green layout

by HERBERT WARREN WIND



THE most recently built, and perhaps the most interesting, of President Eisenhower's golfing loci is a new four-hole pitch-and-putt course which a number of his friends have provided for him at Camp David, the presidential weekend retreat in the Catocin Mountains of Maryland. Here, a rustic-type lodge perches atop a ridge. There is a terrace in front, and then the land slopes quickly down to a small clearing that was devised by President Roosevelt (F.D.) so that a person lolling on the terrace could command a superb view of the countryside—on a clear day, a 30- to 40-mile vista. From the terrace to the edge of the wood line, the cleared lawn measures about 140 yards and runs to about the same yardage in width. This is hardly enough room for even one good golf hole, but Robert Trent Jones, the golf architect who was called in, dealt with the spatial problem with fine imagination. At the left of the clearing Jones built an Augusta-type green, and then created four tees along the right-hand edge—the first, 100 yards distant and 15 feet

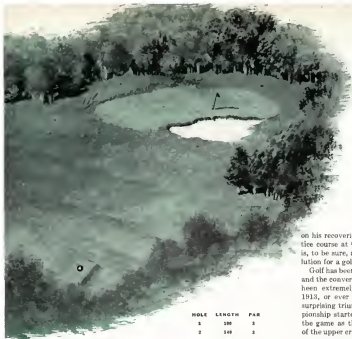
above the level of the green; the second, 140 yards distant, 20 feet above; the third, 120 yards distant, 20 feet below; and the fourth, 80 yards distant and 15 feet below. Carrying his mashie and pitching irons, a player hits his shot from each of the four tees, in counter-clockwise order, then moves up to the green to hole out his four balls. It offers a splendid variety of shots and no confusion in a foursome as long as each player uses a clearly distinguishable set of balls—like ones imprinted with MR. PRESIDENT.

THE GAME AND THE PRESIDENT

IN *Round in Sixty-Eight*, one of his entertaining books mainly but not entirely about golf, Henry Longhurst (of the London *Sunday Times*) records a visit he had not long ago with Gene Sarazen. In recent years Gene has divided his energy equally among golf, selling precision gears, and farming, and after remarking that this diversi-

fication probably accounts for Sarazen's wonderful vitality, Longhurst proceeds to an adhesive quotation by Winston Churchill. The quotation comes from Churchill's *Painting As a Pastime* and it goes like this: "Change is the master key. A man can wear out a particular part of his mind by continually using it and tiring it, just in the same way as he can wear out the elbows of his coat. There is, however, this difference . . . one cannot mend the frayed elbows of a coat by rubbing the sleeves or shoulders, but the tired parts of the mind can be rested and strengthened merely by using the other parts."

This restorative value is, of course, one of the attractions which President Eisenhower finds in painting, and in his golf as well, another recreation potent enough to command a man's full concentration and send him back rested and refreshed to tackle the pressurized problems from which it gave him respite. To pursue painting presents no true complications for a prime minister or a president, but golf re-



HOLE	LENGTH	PAR
1	200	3
2	140	3
3	120	3
4	90	3

quires a larger canvas and is, in fact, just about the most difficult diversion for a chief of state to practice in privacy. However, there are solutions and the President has arrived at his. When he is in Washington, he plays at Burning Tree, a sequestered course about a half hour's drive from the White House, where the members—for the most part officials in our own and foreign governments—were instructed early in the game to respect the President's need of privacy, and they have. So have the members of the Cherry Hills course in Denver, the scene of the 1938 Open, where the President plays on his summer holiday; and likewise the members of his third course, the famed Augusta National, where he takes his spot vacations in the "Little White House," a white frame cottage next to Bob Jones's and only about 60 yards from the tee on the redoubtable 10th. At Augusta, the President usually plays the second nine first.

A president's duties, however, will not always let him get away for a round of golf, and during the past year

a number of his friends, realizing the great therapeutic that hitting a few shots is for him, have acted to equip him with some backyard facilities. The next time you are in Washington, if you walk along the western border of the South Lawn of the White House and peer through the iron fence, you will notice a small putting green. (You really can't miss it, for though the flag is an inconspicuous dark gray, the pin is striped red and white.) The green was the gift of the U.S. Golf Association and was built by Alexander Radko, the director of the northeastern office of the USGA's Green Section. It is some 3,000 square feet in area, about half the size of an ordinary green, and the grass is a polycross creeping bent, a strain developed by Prof. H. S. Musser of Penn State where Milton Eisenhower is president. The turf was transplanted from the nursery of the Aronmink Golf Club, near Philadelphia, and the whole job of construction ran to \$1,300, including the shallow trap that the President asked Mr. Radko to cut behind the green so that he could work

on his recoveries. As for his new practice course at Camp David (above), it is, to be sure, a practically perfect solution for a golfing president.

Golf has been good for the President, and the converse is no less true: he has been extremely good for golf. Since 1913, or ever since Francis Ouimet's surprising triumph in the Open championship started to take the curse off the game as the affected importation of the upper crust, golf has steadily become a more and more democratic and popular pastime. Today it is as all-strata in its following as fishing, and if anything, the driving range may have even replaced the pool room. At the same time, until President Eisenhower took office, wearing his scorecard on his sleeve, golfers remained somewhat suspect in the eyes of many of their countrymen who persisted in viewing the breed as die-hard Tories who, if you didn't keep a watchful eye on them, would ask for a finger bowl at a hamburger stand, and in French. "Before Ike came in," a New York enthusiast recently confessed, "every time I carried my golf bag down to Grand Central and boarded a train for a golfing weekend, I could count on running into disapproving faces and at least one shur carefully delivered so that I could overhear it—you know, something like, 'Don't strain yourself, Reginald.' Now it's all changed. Strangers look at me as if I were a member of the 4-H Club. And when they speak to me, they give me the warm smile and a cheery word like, 'Looks like a grand weekend to get out of doors.' All of a sudden, I'm on the same level with the Fourth of July and Mom's Apple Pie, and I like it."

THE BOXING MONOPOLY PUTS ON THE SQUEEZE

An independent manager who develops a good fighter must "cut up" his boy or lose him—or both. In this article three "original" managers—Howard Frazier, Charles Caustin and Donald Retzman—tell how they were frozen out!

FROM the Marquis of Queensberry to the Golden Gloves, the sport of boxing has enjoyed some highly respected and respectable sponsorship. And why shouldn't it? It is a natural sport: the joke about the brand-new father arriving at the cribside with a pair of boxing gloves is a caricature founded on recognizable truth. The exploits of a Babe Ruth or a Red Grange have their enduring greatness, but it has always been—until lately—the heavyweight boxing champion who wore a unique glory, who somehow stood above the leaders of all sports as the champion of champions. The old names come easily to memory: John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Jeffries, Jack Johnson, Jess Willard, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Joe Louis. They were household names, folk-heroes.

Yet today, when TV has made boxing a truly national spectator sport and a pair of fairly good middleweights have an audience a hundred times the capacity of Boyle's Thirty Acres, boxing is immersed in scandal.

Last week **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** showed how leaders of the International Boxing Club, which controls the leading arenas and fighters, and the underworld boxing syndicate headed by killer and hoodlum Frank Carbo, work together to dominate the sport. It was seen that James D. Norris, president of the IBC, has close personal ties with members of the underworld, including Carbo, and that a boxer lacking sponsorship from the "inside" finds it hard to get matches in IBC arenas or with affiliated promoters.

The question remains: how thorough is this control? Suppose, for instance, that one of this year's CYO tournaments or the Golden Gloves produces a boy with the makings of greatness. Suppose that he is a boy of high personal morality and that, having heard of the influences at work in professional boxing, he is determined to avoid them and yet reach the top. What

chance does he have? The answer is that the odds are 100 to 1 against him.

This situation could not have developed without the cooperation of James D. Norris, nor could it survive except with his approval. But this is not surprising. Norris, who has had a life-long predilection for the company of hoodlums, could hardly have been shocked to find some of these erstwhile friends

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

This article based on original manuscripts submitted by Managers Caustin, Frazier and Retzman was prepared by ROBERT COUGHLIN with the assistance of SAM WELLES, chief of SI's Chicago Bureau and ROBERT BOYLE of SI's New York Staff

"cutting-in" on fighters and freezing-out their legitimate managers. For Norris—although he claims that he never has managed any fighter—had done the same thing himself, and evidently learned the technique early.

To show how the freeze-out works, and why even the best intentioned managers can not ordinarily survive except by submitting to Norris and his friends, we will examine this week the case histories of three managers. Their experiences are typical of many others. Each has given SI a signed and sworn statement that what he says is true. The first example, which dates Norris' propensity for "acquiring" fighters long before the IBC was born, is the short, sad story of Charles H. Caustin:

"I was born and raised in St. Charles, Ill. and have lived here all my life. I'm a mason contractor. I started boxing when I was about 15, and have been monkeying around with the gloves ever since. About 1925 I started an outdoor gym in St. Charles. Boys and young men used to flock to it from miles around. They'd hang around and watch the boxing in the ring. If I saw a boy there just watching, I'd say, 'What are you doing there?' He'd say, 'Just looking.' Then I'd ask, 'Do you want to learn to box?'

"If he said yes, I'd tell him, 'Well,

go down to the basement and change. You'll find some spare equipment.' When the boy came back up, he'd get a chance to spar. The best thing about it was I never charged a fee. This was my hobby—and the boys enjoyed it too.

"One day in the early 1930s I noticed a boy with a pretty good build hanging around, watching what went on. I asked him the usual question, and he said he'd like to learn to box. His name was Bill Treest and he was about 18. He had some natural talents, but he didn't know how to handle himself. I even had to show Bill how to guard himself in the ring, and how to use his feet and fists. He was a slow learner, but a steady one. He had a good punch, both a straight right and a left hook, and I taught him how to use them for knockouts. Bill won the middleweight title in the Golden Gloves the same year Joe Louis won the light heavyweight.

"After the Golden Gloves, Bill wanted to turn pro and get me to act as his manager. We never signed a fighter-manager contract because he was still under age. I'd brought him along from the start, so I told him that if he played fair with me, I'd play fair with him. I was Bill's manager for over a year, and he made good progress. . . . The only trouble was that Bill did too well. He never lost a fight under me, and other people began wanting him bad enough to steal him.

A BIGGER MANAGER

"Jim Norris Jr. saw how good Bill was getting, especially when he did so well in beating Johnny Long. Norris got in touch with Bill, said he'd like to take Bill over, and handed Bill a small sum to give to me. . . . Bill came right out to my house in St. Charles with the money and said: 'Jim Norris told me I couldn't fight in the Chicago Stadium unless I got a bigger manager.' Norris controlled the Stadium. Bill thought that going to Norris was the fastest way for him to get to the top.



JOHNNY BRATTON (LEFT) ON HIS WAY TO TKO OVER JOE MICELI

GEORGE JOHNSON (RIGHT) SMASHES MOSES WARD TO CANVAS

and wanted to do it. So I had to let him go.

"About the only thing I could have done was sue Norris for the time and out-of-pocket expense I'd had in developing Bill. But I didn't sue Norris. I didn't have a contract with Bill, so I knew it wouldn't do any good, and anyway I don't have the money to fight a rich man like Norris. If Norris made any money out of Bill Treest, it was more than I ever did."

As a matter of fact, Norris didn't. Sig Hart, old-time boxer and manager, in a sworn statement to SI, said: "... Jim asked me to serve as Treest's manager of record, and I did. ... Treest did fairly well as a fighter, but never got near big money. ... The top Treest ever got for any one fight was around \$1,000. ... I'd offer Jim his cut of my share as Treest's manager, and with a gesture pushing it away, Jim would say, 'Aw, wait until he gets to real money!' This was before Jim changed and began grabbing every penny he could."

Bill Treest is a barber now, living in the little town of Tempe, Arizona. He has no particular regrets about his ring days, and still thinks well of Norris. The following is from his sworn statement: "I started as a professional with a manager named Charlie Caustlin, of St. Charles, Ill. I had seven professional bouts under him, and won them all, but the most I made from any of them was \$30.

"I'd go to the Trafton gym in Chi-

cago to train and one day while there I was called to a hotel at Randolph and Clark Streets—I think it was the Morrison or the Sherman—where I met Jim Norris Jr. He told me he'd like for me to come with them and sign with him and Sig Hart. ...

"I accepted the offer because Caustlin couldn't get me better fights and it appeared someone was keeping us out of the Chicago Stadium, where the big fights were. I hated to leave Caustlin.

"... From then on I started getting some fights in the Chicago Stadium. ... Jim Norris Jr. and Sig Hart were entitled to 50% of my purses but didn't take anything until I started making good money. ..."

HOW CHAMPIONS ARE MADE

Our next example is the story of Johnny Bratton—a story that tells a good deal about how champions are made these days. The quotations that follow are from the sworn statement of Howard Frazier, his former manager:

"I've been interested in boxing all my life. I fought a bit myself in Chicago gyms. When I was about 26, I became very active in helping fighters. I was part working, part managing. There was a very scrappy little boy named Alvin Gomez; I picked up in a gym. He had been a sick kid, had no place to live, was sleeping in the gym, never even had new gloves or a new pair of trunks—just worked in hand-me-downs. I developed Gomez into a pretty good fighter with the help of

Larry Amadeo, who used to be assistant trainer to Joe Louis. After I started with Gomez, I picked up some other good fighters. At one time I managed 10 boys at once. About 1941 a fine-looking kid of 13 began hanging around Eddie Nichols' gym on the Chicago South Side. He weighed only about 112 pounds, and Gomez was the first to point him out to me—Gomez told me his name was Johnny Bratton. That's when we started developing Johnny. He was fighting southpaw. So we converted him over because it's hard for a lefty to get fights—nobody wants to fight a southpaw.

"Johnny's first important fights were in the Golden Gloves. In 1934 he turned pro and signed his first contract with me. He was 16, so his parents signed too. We signed right in Johnny's home, where his folks still live, at 322 Garfield Boulevard, Chicago. Johnny moved up steadily in the late 1940s. He was an expensive fighter—he liked to live high, and I carried a trainer everywhere we went, along with a companion for Johnny, a sparring partner and a chauffeur. We'd train in places like Hot Springs, French Lick, New Orleans, and Pleasantville, N.J. We always went to camp to train. That costs money.

"But we began to make big money too. Johnny fought a lot of top names—like Williams, Willie Joyce, Morrie Reid, Danny Kaplow, Gene Burton, Bernard Docusen, Sammy Angott. The

continued on next page

What the MERCHANTS say:

"A great big thanks for the advance information sent to us on fashions planned for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. I count myself as a very lucky charter subscriber (under the name of Mrs. O. D. Patrick)."

Elizabeth Patrick, Fashion Coordinator
L. S. AYRES, Indianapolis

"We were most pleased with your sport jacket presentation, in both its appearance and results. We had sort of a sport jacket week here at that time with displays all over, as well as copies of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED spread around the store. There was considerable activity on the sales of the coats, a good many of them definitely attributable to the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED story. We want to thank you for your cooperation with us in our industry. Its acceptance here has been exceptional, and I'm sure that's been nation-wide."

J. C. MacNeil
MACNEIL & MOORE, Milwaukee

"I subscribed personally to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED at the outset. Now I'm finding SPORTS ILLUSTRATED more and more interesting since it has become a real point of contact between me and my 11- and 16-year-old sons who, like myself, are avid sports fans. My congratulations to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED on the job it's doing."

Arthur Madison, Vice President
JULIUS GARFINKEL, Washington, D. C.

"I can't give SPORTS ILLUSTRATED any criticisms. I can just say that I enjoy each issue. I've heard many favorable comments from both business and social contacts, and know they look forward to each new issue as I do. The printed material you've sent to us here at Thalhimers has been a big help to us in setting up our displays."

W. Norris Hollingsworth, Display Director
THALHIMERS, Richmond, Va.

"Orchids to all of you at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED! You're doing a wonderful selling job for the stores! We always look forward to receiving your very news-filled messages."

Irene Bender, Publicity Director
ASSOCIATED MERCHANDISING CORP., New York

"Everybody in town turned out to see our SPORTS ILLUSTRATED window this week. The whole SPORTS ILLUSTRATED promotion is a tremendous success."

Eleanor Lyons, Advertising Director
ROOS BROTHERS, San Francisco

"Never before has a new publication seemed so certain of winning overnight the hearts of a whole nation. The only wonder is that we did so long without a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED."

WALLACE'S, New York

"Sports are for women as well as men, and I like the way you cover both. Your magazine helps women to be better informed not only on sports, but the whole life that surrounds them. Sportswear is the fastest growing group of departments in every store. I know that we here at Halle's are grateful for anything that calls attention to the places and occasions on which sportswear is worn. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED does both beautifully."

Marjorie Reich, Fashion Director
HALLE BROTHERS, Cleveland

"We had another promotion on at the time and customers paid more attention to the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED material than to ours. I think your magazine is great. I keep learning things from it."

Kenneth K. Osman, Sales Manager
O. & O. SPORTING GOODS, Rochester, Minn.

"I guess it's pretty obvious why we tie in with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. We got a lot of response on the first Prowin ad, and have done just as well on the currently advertised model. With our window display and this shoe with a copy of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, we've sold them all and had to re-order. This time I re-ordered in advance so I wouldn't be sold out again! SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is really doing a job for me."

Ed Murray, Men's Shoe Buyer
STONE ISOT STONE, Cleveland

"You have started what we sportsmen have needed for a very long time. And every copy is even better than the previous issue."

Frank W. Vogt, Owner
VOGT BROS. Sporting Goods, Ellingham, Ill.

"This magazine fills a definite need. Most young executives like sports, a good many of them being former athletes in college. Their need to maintain that interest is filled completely by this magazine. Not only does SPORTS ILLUSTRATED appeal to men, but I notice the feminine members of the household also enjoy it."

John F. Glick, General Manager
J. W. ROBINSON CO., Beverly Hills

"I enjoy SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and believe it fills a real gap which has existed in the recording of sports events in this country. As a duck shooter, I particularly enjoyed the colored prints of American game birds you carried in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. I believe many of your readers, like myself, would appreciate your including colored prints on Upland game in the same beautiful style you did the ducks."

John T. Pirie Jr., President
CARSON PIRIE SCOTT, Chicago

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W. W. Holmen, Advertising Director, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.



START THEM YOUNG

Free instruction combined with deep powder snow has produced a crop of coming champions in the West's small mountain towns

by WOLFGANG LERT

WESTERN SKIERS, led by boy wonders like Jimmy Heuga who won the Mammoth Mountain junior slalom against 17-year-old rivals last season, are threatening, once again, to dominate the nation's important ski meets. During the last 20 years, the top places in American downhill and slalom racing have alternated between East and West. In the early '30s—the age of the great Dartmouth teams—the East was

leader and instructor. Then the West caught up and finally forged ahead on the victories of a group of racers centered around the Salt Lake area. During the past few years the Easterners moved back into the lead, winning most of the big races and most of the places on our national teams. But while the Easterners dominated the big-time race circuit, the Westerners were concentrating on the Junior competi-

tions. Now, with the Juniors growing up, the West is again ready to challenge for highest honors.

Behind this resurgence of Western competitive skiing lies a strenuous effort to improve all phases of Junior skiing. The job is being handled by many different groups working at many different levels. In the bigger cities, from Vancouver, B.C. in the north to Los Angeles in the south,



PEEWEE ACE Jimmy Houten, 11-year-old talent champion from Tahoe City, Calif., dips shoulder, slams through gate.

these efforts have taken the form of free ski schools. Some of the oldest and best-established of these, such as those of the *Deseret News* in Salt Lake City or of the *Seattle Times* and the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, turn out thousands of young skiers a year. These mass instruction programs in the bigger cities perform a valuable function by broadening the base of skiing, but they can rarely be expected to turn out hot new racers. The real breeding place for future *Kanonen* is the small town—the small town in the mountains where

skiing is a part of everyday life, where the local ski team can provide a logical outlet for community enterprise and community pride.

Several such small towns in the West have done a great deal to start the pendulum of national skiing supremacy swinging westward again. Foremost among them is Steamboat Springs, Col. Though Steamboat has its share of Colorado's fluffy powder snow, plus a community-owned chair lift, a big jumping hill, and one of the rootiest-tootingest ski carnivals held anywhere, few ski vacationers will travel far to get there. Tourists prefer the longer runs and brighter lights of the big resorts. On the other hand, the products of Steamboat's Junior ski program travel far and wide, returning with a profusion of ski-racing silverware all out of proportion to their numbers.

A STAGGERING CONTRIBUTION

Skipping over the old-timers and concentrating solely on young skiers now in competition, Steamboat's contribution to America's corps of top racers is quite staggering. Better than 20% of last year's FIS World Championship squad got its start in this little town of 1,700 people. Katy Rodolph, 24, has ranked as one of our leading woman skiers for the past four years. Marvin Crawford, considered the outstanding four-way man in intercollegiate skiing last year, was the highest-ranking American in the Nordic Combined at the world championships in Sweden. The Wegeman brothers, Paul and Keith, have represented the U.S. in Olympic and FIS competitions, with Keith consistently making the best showing of any American jumper during the last two world meets. Gladys (Skooter) Werner and her 18-year-old brother Bud joined our FIS squad last year. Both of them had won our Junior National Combined titles, both gave good accounts of themselves in tough European races last winter, and both bear careful watching among the aspirants for the U.S. Winter Olympics team.

A great deal of credit for the achievements of Steamboat's young skiers must go to the town's sensible ski program, and to the outstanding coaches who have administered it. Skiing is part of the Steamboat Springs school curriculum. Every child may take part in the afternoon ski lessons, but they are not compulsory. Nor is the program oriented purely toward the creation of competitive skiers. On the contrary, the instructors realize that only a minority of youngsters have the ability

and emotional make-up to become racers.

The program therefore is designed to give fun and exercise, and a well-rounded skiing background to the greatest possible number of children. But Steamboat has been singularly fortunate in attracting the kind of ski coach who can inspire the talented junior to real achievement. The present coach is the widely respected Gordy Wren—not only one of our greatest ski jumpers and racers but, like his predecessor, the late Al Wegeman, a true teacher who molds his charges not only into good skiers but also into good sportsmen and women.

Steamboat Springs' advantages, however, are not unique. McCall, Idaho is another example of a ski-minded small town with a Junior-minded ski coach. The coach is Corey Engen, a four-event ace in his competitive days. His material includes almost every McCall kid, from toddlers on up to high-flying Juniors. The results: a rash of McCall successes in Junior competition, highlighted by Frank Brown's victory in the National Junior Down-

continued on next page



SCHOOLGIRL SKIER in Steamboat Springs, Col. wears her ski tops to class.



SHOW BUNNIES GET FREE INSTRUCTION IN SEATTLE 'TIMES' WEEKEND SKI SCHOOL

SKIING *continued from page 29*

hill Championships and his subsequent invitation to the recent Olympic training camp at Sun Valley.

In California, Mammoth Mountain in the High Sierra has become the Junior hot spot, with the Lake Tahoe area running a good second. The man who builds the bumps at Mammoth and chases his Juniors over them is Dave McCoy. The record speaks well for the value of his coaching methods. Charlotte Zumstein Rogers, Dennis Osborn,

and Kenny Lloyd are all Mammoth kids who have made a name in the big races. And last year Mammoth came up with Bob and Jill Kimmont, the brother-sister team that stepped right in and filled the gap left by Bud and Skeeter Werner. Bob Kimmont won the boys' National Junior Slalom Championships while sister Jill Kimmont went him one better, taking both the Junior and Senior women's slalom titles and winding up a season rich in prizes by gaining the Andrea Mead Lawrence award as the

outstanding girl skier in the country.

Most of these young skiers have now left the Junior ranks and joined the big leagues of ski racing. But their successors, the kids with whom they used to play, already are carving tracks on the very same hills. As the Junior season advances to its climax—the Nationals at Whitefish, Mont., March 4-6, and the American Legion Western States at Sun Valley, April 2-3—keep your eyes open for these kids from the small towns. They will be the big names of skiing tomorrow. **END**



MAN IN MUDDLE in Desert ski school finds skis on wrong side of the slalom gate



FUTURE CHAMPION in Aspen, Col. uses snow plow for slow, careful descent.



OLYMPIC HOPEFULS Bud and Skeeter Werner learned to ski in Strambout Springs.

WANT TO TRY A ROAD TEST?

It sounds like fun—but in the touchy sports car world that new model may be hot in more ways than one

by JOHN BENTLEY



"YOU lucky guy?" said an enthusiast friend recently. "Every week somebody lends you a different sports car to test and you just breeze out and have fun. What a life!"

A pleasant thought, except that road tests aren't the picnic they may seem to be—not by a dozen downshifts. For one thing, you can't win. In the whimsical kingdom of European car imports with its touchy rivalries, the automotive writer is a sitting duck for broadsides from all directions. Praise a new model and someone is sure to crab: "Isn't there *anything* wrong with that crate?" Criticize it, and the distributor out in California phones you at midnight. "Whaddaya mean," he snarls, "writing that lousy article?"

FACT, NOT OPINION

The main thing to remember is that the average road test is not a laboratory report prepared for the critical review of a board of scientists. Its prime purpose is to give readers an honest but simplified account of what they may expect from a given car, within the scope of the particular purpose for which that car is intended. Road tests are not a matter of opinion but of fact. The test driver is like the jurymen at a trial; his verdict can only be based on practical evidence supplied by the car under test, not on the manufacturer's claims. After all, what the test reveals can just as well happen to a purchaser. It's the dealer's job to make sure that the car is properly tuned. If he fails, it's a reflection on his service facilities.

Obviously, a road test is hard on any car, since its object is to learn exactly what it will do with no punches pulled. A test to jar your sensitive instincts, for instance, is acceleration from a standstill to various speeds against the stop watch. An assistant holds the watch and calls out: "One—two—three—." On the word "Go!" the clutch disengages, the engine winds up to

peak rpm while the driver crash-shifts upward into second or third gear. The instant the speedometer reaches the required figure the driver calls out: "Now!" and the assistant stops the watch. An average of three runs gives a fair idea of pickup.

Braking from various speeds to a full stop is another strenuous maneuver, hard on tire treads. A simple method, which any driver can use, is to stretch a broad white tape across a road with a good, paved surface. As the front wheels run over the tape you mash down the brake pedal, keeping a firm grip on the steering wheel. If a brake shoe grabs, the car will try to slow crabwise across the road. Assuming it maintains a straight path, you then run a tape measure from the braking point to the front wheel hubs. A more scientific method is to measure the percentage of braking efficiency against a given percentage of pedal pressure determined in pounds. However, what the average reader wants to know is how quickly a car will stop; and despite the

many miles per hour per 1,000 rpm are obtainable in each gear. Supposing top gear ratio provides for 20 mph per 1,000 rpm, and at 2,000 rpm the speedometer registers 45 mph, you may reasonably assume that it is 12½ fast at that speed. However, since the tachometer might also be off, you can check it beforehand against the electric tachometer on a road-wheel dynamometer. A simpler approach to the whole problem is a fifth-wheel speedometer trailing behind the car, but it, too, is subject to slip and therefore to some error.

A GOOD RUN WILL TELL

Generally speaking, centrifugal force tends to increase tire diameter by about four per cent at high speeds, but some of this gain is offset by wheel slip resulting from inequalities and bumps in the road.

Maximum speed is a matter of locale and police cooperation; but if you enter a straight and level half-mile at 50 mph in high gear, you'll have a pretty good idea of what the car will do flat out—with or without a stop watch.

For the rest, a good 100-mile run under average highway traffic conditions will do more to reveal the various quirks in a test car's personality than a battery of scientific instruments. How does it ride and steer? How maneuverable is it? How well does it tackle corners and hills? Is the driver still comfortable and relaxed after, say, an hour at the wheel? Are there any tiring mechanical noises or uncalled-for rattles in the bodywork? What is the optimum cruising speed at which the engine seems happiest?

The test driver's job is to act as proxy for the average reader who might find it difficult to call on a dozen different dealers and ask each of them: "Can you lend me a Cugur 1500 for a 100-mile run?" True, your pal George may own one of these jobs, but his opinion is bound to be biased.



percentage of error in human reaction, the good old tape measure remains a dependable expression of just that.

This is all very fine, but how do you know the speedometer is correct? Assuming the tires are inflated to specified pressures (an important factor), you can check the speedometer against the tachometer, which is usually far more accurate. Here some simple mathematics enters the picture. It is first necessary to compute exactly how

WINTER WASSAILAND

From snowplanes in Wyoming to buffalo-skin parties in the Laurentians, resorts this year are offering skiers more than ever before—including even skiing

by HORACE SUTTON

The gentleman across the page is surveying the metropolis of Jackson Hole which looks peaceful enough from here. Decorum, however, departs with the summer tourists, and once the white is on the ground, the woolly Wyoming citizens haul out their snow planes, wingless, wintery counterparts of the Florida air boat that buzz over the snow banks at better than 60 m.p.h. What you can do in a snow plane is tour Yellowstone Park after the roads are closed, play follow the leader, or chase coyotes. Other sports, meanwhile, buzz up to Snake River and snowshoe along the banks to cast flies in the fast-running water for whitefish. Less dauntless types insist you can find all the whitefish a man could desire in Lindy's window, but the Wyoming winter brand strike hard.

and wiggle strenuously, trying to stay not only alive but warm. If you clean them as they are landed they won't freeze solid. If you aren't a fish, better carry a flask.

Wester Air Lines will fetch you to Jackson Hole via Salt Lake City, or the Union Pacific runs as near as Victor, Idaho, which is as near as 26 miles. A ski lift, in case you are a run-of-the-mill winter sportsman, takes off from the end of a street in Jackson. There's a small hotel called the Wort in town which suffers an excellent reputation, has a bar embedded with \$1,699 worth of silver dollars, and you'll break a nail before you'll reduce the figure.

For anyone who wants to ride the slats by day and hit the skids at night there is skiing in the Reno Snow Bowl and the Las Vegas roulette bowl, just a short schuss from the gaming tables. Reno's Snow Bowl spreads north of Lake Tahoe and covers Mount Rose Bowl and Slide Mountain, 10,775 feet and 9,720 feet respectively. It snowed in downtown Las Vegas when I was out there a few days back, causing the local publicity department to issue a special pronouncement headed "We Goofed." Actually, the snow went all but unnoticed since very few visitors out there ever see outdoors.

Winter sports are somewhat more conventional over at Sun Valley, probably the only ski resort in the world where you are advised to bring a bathing suit. After a day making sitmarks on the surrounding Sawtooth Mountains, skiers can soak out the kinks in a pair of outdoor pools, screened from the winds and heated to bathtub temperature. The Valley also lends out frostbite with a string of Hot Potato Huts (this is Idaho), and bowls of chili served at

the Roundhouse on the shoulder of Baldy Mountain, 3,000 feet above the valley floor. The bars serve Grahams, hot and spiced, in porcelain mugs, and if that doesn't do it, try a Schlus-boomer's Delight, guaranteed to thaw out the Abominable Snowman.

There is bowling, dancing, movies, and schausboomer-imbibing after dark right at the main cantonment, but adventurers can take out by sleigh for a two-mile drive to Trail Creek Cabin. For five fish in supplement of the regular daily tab, there is a Basque dinner, with wine, song, and general wassail.

Much of the same type of excursion is run off in the snow banks of the Laurentian Mountains where you can ski in French without having to high-tail it for Chamonix. Once a week, the Laurentide Inn at Ste. Agathe des Monts rents a hilltop chalet, covers the floor with buffalo hides, and invites the whole guest list over for a French-Canadian bust-up. Shucked to a pair of webs, or wrapped in muk-luks, you can crunch across the drifts, guided by the light of the great white Mazda cross that shines down on the Lac des Sables.

A fare of local ballast includes soupe aux pois à l'osier, followed by tourtière or local meat pie, followed by ragoût de boulettes, followed by a great urge to collapse among the buffalo hides until Shrove Tuesday. Four dozen choruses of *Alouette!* act like artificial respiration. If that doesn't wake you, they'll send you down the mountain on a toboggan.

ON THE RIM above Jackson Hole, Wyo., a skier looks down at a city etched decorously in the snow—one of the unspoiled winter resorts of the schussbooming West.



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SPORTING LOOK

BLAZERS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK

You don't have to be a musical comedy man or own a yacht to follow this year's most versatile clothing revival—the blazer

IN 1928 a group of Columbia University students, "not to be mistaken for professors or ordinary mortals," decided to wear "Korreet Kolumbia Kampus Kut Koats with King's Crown emblems"—in plain English,

blazers. They got the idea from England where, since Queen Victoria's day, the striped blazer has stood for Old School and Team, and the blue flannel blazer announces, by its brass buttons and chest medallion, one's Club or

Guard Company. This year, prompted by such be-blazered Broadway hits as *The Boy Friend*, blazers are back again, as colorful as ever when worn with "ice cream pants," trousers in every color known to Howard Johnson.



OXFORD BLAZERS. Various stripes indicated team affiliation of rugby players at Oxford in 1928 photograph.



COTTON BLAZERS. From left: gray and black striped Thomae cotton blazer, Linett (\$39.75), with yellow slacks, White Stag (\$6.95). Pink blazer, McGregor (\$16.95), is worn with black slacks.

Khaki-and-black stripe (\$25) is worn with khaki trousers (\$13.50), both by Gordon. Double-breasted blue blazer (\$17.95) with white cotton pants (\$5.95), both McGregor. U.S. Rubber Keds.

AT LACQUILLE, IN PALM BEACH, THE PALM BEACH CO.'S NEWEST BLAZER, \$35. SLACKS, \$15. DRESS BY R. H. WRAGGE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONI FRISSELL

HUNTING AT HORSESHOE



PLANTATION



HORSESHOE'S "GREAT HOUSE" COMMANDS 1,500 ACRES IN FLORIDA

IN THE LUSH COUNTRY 14 miles north of Tallahassee, Fla., stands the vision conjured up by the words "an old Southern plantation": a gleaming, pillared mansion flanked by great trees and overlooking miles of rolling land. This is Horseshoe Plantation, still maintained in traditional comfort. But instead of cotton the land is planted in wildcat, peanuts, corn and chufa, for today at Horseshoe the bob-white quail is king. Other game prospers too—doves, turkeys, deer and waterfowl—but the plantation is lovingly dedicated to quail and quail shooting.

The kennels are a good example of the thoroughness of this undertaking. There are about 20 dogs (mostly pointers) on hand the year round in continual selection and training. Gilbert English, their handler, lives close by the kennels and has a full-time assistant. Together they breed and train the dogs and give them an exercising program which brings the animals to top physical condition just before the shooting begins in late November.

Most of the hunting is done through January with the aid of a unique vehicle called a Thomasville wagon, of which Horseshoe has two. Designed in the 1880s specifically for riding over logs and rough country, the wagons have wooden frames and iron wheels with rubber tires. Two seats in front accommodate a driver and pony boy; in back three hunters can set their guns in a rack and take their ease on a big padded seat. There are tarpaulin blinds for bad weather, a game box, a spigoted water cask and a removable crate for dogs. The plantation is so big that the gunners sometimes ride 15 or 20 miles a day, stopping to hunt at likely places.

Horseshoe, which is owned by Mrs. George F. Baker, is host to distinguished guests, some of whom are shown on these pages, and townspeople as well. But always the quail come first—the coveys must not be shot out, and they must be rested. In return, they offer matchless sport.

continued on next page

RIDING THROUGH THE FIELDS is a Thomasville wagon drawn by white mules. Robert R. Young with cap and Air Force Secretary Harold E. Talbot is guided to hunting area by Gilbert English, the plantation's dog handler, riding ahead. Dogs are carried in back.



SETTING FORTH In the morning, three riders lead a wagon (carrying other shooters) in search of a likely place for the first covey. Handler English rides ahead, followed by Harold and Peggy Talbott. White mules are used so that dogs can spot the wagon from heavy cover.



WATCHFUL SHOOTERS are, from left: Mrs. Talbott, Charles G. Cushing, Robert R. Young, Mrs. Baker and Harold Talbott. The ladies are shown in dove stands, waiting for birds to come over en route to feeding. The men are on quail hunts. Cushing holds extra shells for late-flying bobwhites from a big covey.



A COOL DRINK is given to pointer by Shellie Mills, driver of the Thomasville wagon. A wooden partition in the back of the wagon divides the dogs that are apt to fight from the peaceful ones while they are transported between hunts.

A DAY IN THE FIELD

A DIFFERENT area of the plantation is hunted each day to ease the pressure on the birds. To save their energy for the 18 or 19 coveys of quail they will fly, shooters and extra dogs ride between hunts. Hunting this way, there is time to enjoy the countryside and have a field lunch to talk over the shoot.



A DOG FREEZES on point and Charles Cushing walks in to flush the birds in the grain beyond. Horseshoe's coveys are big, averaging 16 quail, and as a conservation measure no more than four are shot from a covey. This and food plantings keep bird population high.



A PEACEFUL LUNCHEON under a huge live-oak tree is enjoyed by the shooters in a secluded part of the plantation. Next

day the party hunted ducks and geese which, like the quail, are attracted to Horse-hoe by foods planted especially for them.

continued on next page

ON THE LAKE

THE SHOOTING at Horseshoe's man-made Crommie Lake is like wildfowling anywhere except that there are permanent blinds in strategic locations—rectangular boats grounded in marsh shallows with tall dog fennel screening the boats. Under cover of a thick fog the hunters were taken out to these blinds in rowboats, and decoys were set out. Nothing could be seen in the fog, but the honking of Canada geese and the sudden rushing whisper of ducks circling had the hunters straining to see. Presently a wind sprang up, tearing at the fog, and the sound of shooting rolled over the lake.



DUCKS AND A GOOSE are carried from the lake by Air Force Secretary Harold Talbott, who shot these birds with his wife.

RETRIEVING A GOOSE which had hidden in weeds after being winged, Shadow swims strongly for shore and a rewarding pet.



BACK TO THE DOCK come Charles Cushing with Leroy, assistant dog handler, and Shadow, Mrs. Baker's pet Labrador who happily performed all the difficult retrieving chores that morning.



BOXING MONOPOLY PUTS ON SQUEEZE *continued from page 26*

Truman had first gone there, I had personally congratulated him because, with my own lifelong love of boxing, I thought it was wonderful to have one of our leaders like Truman in such a high boxing position. Now I said how sorry I was that the IBC with which he was so closely connected had done such a bad thing to me. Truman told me himself that he was responsible for signing Johnny for these IBC fights.

"I told Truman that I was Johnny's manager and would stop this fight with Beau Jack unless he was given more time to get in condition, and unless I signed the match for more money, and more time before it. Against Taylor, Johnny had weighed 150, and they wanted him to fight Beau Jack at 146. This meant that, in less than two weeks, Johnny would have to take four pounds off his peak condition. I told Truman that Johnny couldn't make that weight so soon and he strong.

"Truman answered that I wasn't even Johnny's manager. I said, 'What do you mean?' So Truman said the Illinois Commission records didn't show me as manager. We ended our talk by my telling him, 'Well, I'll see you tomorrow before the commission.'

"Next morning, in the hall outside the commission office, I met Truman Gibson, who had Johnny with him. I was surprised to see them come in together. I said, 'Hi, kid' to Johnny, the way I always called him. Then I told Gibson to stay away from my fighter. Gibson told me, 'I'll show you inside how I handle a hoodlum like you.'

RET TO WIN

"Gibson, being a lawyer, certainly did outclass me before the commission. Despite my 282 pounds, he made me look like a lightweight. But the only thing that he was able to score against me was that I did testify, under oath, that I'd bet on Johnny to win in a couple of his fights. I'd never bet on Johnny to lose. The commission didn't rule on whether I was Johnny's manager, but did suspend me for a year—for betting on my own boy to win.

"The IBC's next move was to try to get the Managers' Guild to break my contract with Johnny. The Guild called me to a hearing in New York on this. The result was they continued to recognize me as Johnny's manager, and they told him that he couldn't fight anyone unless I was recognized as his

manager, which meant he had to call off the fights the IBC had signed him up for with Beau Jack and Williams.

"I approved, as his manager, the next two fights Johnny did have. But for the first time in his pro career, I wasn't in his training camp. I wasn't in his corner—and I didn't get one thin dime out of either fight. Iszy Kline, who is now the IBC's Chicago matchmaker, replaced me in Johnny's corner.

"After these two bouts, it was clear to me that the IBC would fight Johnny under any conditions, whether he was in shape or not, and whether it was for his good or not. Johnny was the kind who would fight any time. I figured that I couldn't help him any more under such conditions. And the IBC had me where they wanted me.

"So I did finally agree to sell my contract with Johnny to the IBC for \$12,500. They must have spent that much, or more, trying to break the contract in the first place, because I spent at least \$5,000 trying to keep it. When they had the check for \$12,500 ready, I went over to the Chicago office of the IBC, and Truman Gibson Jr. and Iszy Kline in person handed the money over to me.

"Soon after this, I got hit by another haymaker. Luther Rawlings, the best fighter I had left, and a great lightweight prospect, was a few months under 21. I was forced to take \$600 for Rawlings—when his contract was worth \$20,000 at least—or I'd have lost him without getting a cent. What speaks for itself is that Rawlings was later handled by Carl Nelson, one of the IBC men who handles fighters. Rawlings, who was potentially one of the finest fighters I've ever seen, was moved too fast by the IBC, and has never lived up to his great promise.

"What the IBC did in taking Johnny Beaton away from me has helped to set the pattern for the way that the IBC has often treated managers and fighters since. The man who develops the best of these promising young boxers must lose a fighter after he reaches the semi-windup or main event ranks. That's because the IBC insists on a near monopoly."

Donald Rettman, our third example of victimized management, is a trim, keen-eyed, energetic, middle-aged man who looks as if he belongs in business instead of in the shabby purview of boxing. He is, in fact, the personnel manager of a large department store in Trenton, N.J.; and he has learned the hard way that boxing is no place for him. He wandered into it in the innocent way that any boxing buff might.



MANAGER FRAZIER (at) Johnny Beaton to the IBC's Truman Gibson Jr.

He went to matches, got to know some of the fighters and handlers, acquired a reputation among them as a knowledgeable fan, and finally began to manage a few fighters as a hobby. One of them was Bobby Mann, who in the spring of 1950 sent him a promising young Golden Glover named George Johnson. Rettman agreed to take him on and the contract was signed in April of 1950. Johnson is now the 10th ranking middleweight. Rettman is back in the department store business to stay—at least until boxing is cleaned up.

THE BUILDUP PERIOD

The story begins with the usual period of buildup. Rettman nursing his fighter along through small-club preliminaries, hiring a trainer to teach him punches, style, and strategy, investing a good deal of time and money. Johnson had natural talent and came along fast, winning nearly all his fights, most of them by knockouts. By October of 1951 he was welterweight champion of New Jersey. There was a setback against Baby Day at the Garden the following February, but then an impressive knockout against Dave Evans that May in Wilmington—so impressive that an acquaintance of Rettman's, a gambler who represented the syndicate in Wilmington, came to the dressing room afterward with a friendly offer to put Rettman in touch with Frank Carbo.

"I'd heard about Carbo, naturally," Rettman recalls, "and I knew he was supposed to be the overlord. But none of his agents had ever approached me. None of my fighters had been good enough to interest the big wheels. That

continued on next page

night I realized what I was going to be up against with Johnson." He thanked the gambler, but said that he felt Johnson needed more experience before moving up into main events in the larger clubs, the area of Carbo's interest.

The rest of that year Johnson campaigned in various minor league clubs, working his way through a list of progressively tougher opponents. He added the middleweight championship of New Jersey to his welterweight title. By the spring of 1953 he became enough of a drawing card to interest Herman (Muggey) Taylor, Philadelphia's leading promoter, and Taylor's matchmaker, Pete Moran. Taylor and Moran agreed to become Johnson's bookers in Pennsylvania, since Rettman was not a guild manager.

A SUITABLE FRONT

But because it is illegal for a promoter to act as a booker, a suitable "front" had to be arranged. They selected Lou Gross, president of the Pennsylvania Boxing Managers' Guild, an old hand at such matters; and at Taylor's insistence, Gross also became Johnson's trainer. Johnson at once began to get better matches. He knocked out Flash Gordon in a main event at the Cambria A.C., a club which had shown no interest in him before; knocked out Ike Williams, the former lightweight champion, in a match at Trenton; won decisions over Al Warner and Luther Rawlings—the same Luther Rawlings who had been pirated from Howard Frazier by the IBC. The time of education and buildup was over; Johnson plainly was one of the best new middleweights in the country.

Now, however, it became increasingly hard to get matches for him. Rettman complained often to Gross, Moran, and Taylor, but could get nothing more than a shrug and an explanation that other managers disliked risking their fighters against anyone as good as Johnson. Rettman's suspicions, which had been simmering for months, at last turned to a conviction that they were preparing him for a freeze-out: that by keeping Johnson idle, or matching him for low purses with journeyman boxers, they could make him discontented under Rettman's management. Believing this, Rettman was still uncertain what to do—withdrawal from the arrangement with Taylor would leave him isolated and with no prospects at all in Philadelphia.

One day in November 1953 Rett-

man ran into his old friend, the Wilmington Syndicate man, who listened to his troubles and then produced an idea which Rettman, in the state of mind he had reached, was glad to hear. George Raft, the movie star, would be in Wilmington soon, the gambler said. Raft was interested in boxing and liked to have "pieces" of fighters, and was on close terms with the hoodlums whose prototypes he played on the screen. For instance, Frank Carbo, Carbo liked Raft so well, in fact, that instead of insisting on his usual 15¢



JOHNSON'S MANAGER. Donald Rettman (standing) looks on as fighter signs to meet Welterweight Charlie Williams.

minimum as his share of a management contract, he asked Raft for only 10¢, on fighters Raft owned; sometimes even less. If Rettman would make a deal with Raft, the gambler pointed out, he and Johnson would have Raft's influence working for them on the West Coast and Carbo's protection in the East, a wonderful combination.

Rettman went to Wilmington where he met Raft and his friend, Charley (The Blade) White in the gambler's apartment. Rettman remembers: "We talked around the situation for a while, both of us doing a lot of bragging. I was saying what a great fighter this boy Johnson was, and Raft was telling me about all the big fighters he'd handled and how well he knew Babe McCoy, the matchmaker out there, and what a pal he was of Frankie Carbo's, and all that. The Blade was reclining on a sofa, stripped down to his

pants, listening, and finally he said sort of disgustedly, 'Why don't you two guys get the crap and get down to — cases?'" They did; and the result was an oral agreement to share Johnson's contract as co-managers, with Carbo's cut to come out of Raft's half. The necessary papers would be drawn up, and they would meet in New York a few days later to sign them.

However, before this meeting could take place, Raft suddenly was called back to the West on business. While there he was injured in an auto accident, so his return to the East was delayed. In the interval, says Rettman, "Taylor's office got wind some way or another about what was happening between me and Raft, and they could see all their own plans being spoiled. They decided they'd have to move fast to get Johnson. They gave him a real brain-washing. And one day—this was in January 1954—I got a long distance call from Muggey Taylor's office. A voice said, 'George Johnson is in the office and wants to have Taylor handle him.'"

"I went down to Philadelphia on the first train I could get. Taylor told me that Johnson didn't want anything more to do with me—that he wanted Taylor to handle him entirely. And that since my contract had expired on January 4th or 5th, Johnson was a free agent. Taylor was right, except that this was the New Jersey contract, and what he had forgotten was that I still had a Pennsylvania contract with Johnson and it had until the next August to run. When I pointed that out, he began to back water, and finally he said that for the best interests of everybody I ought to go to the Pennsylvania Athletic Commission and voluntarily void the contract. In return, he would guarantee me 25¢, of Johnson's earnings up to August.

AGAINST A WALL

"I asked for time to think it over. Naturally, I called Raft. He was fairly upset, but he said that he couldn't get away to come East and take care of the situation, and to try to stall Taylor. I said, 'Stall him? How can I stall him—they've got me against a wall.' He said to call The Blade and tell him to square it with Carbo. I did—The Blade was staying at the Hampshire House in New York—but he called back and said Carbo was on a drunk, one of those drunks of his where he goes off and disappears and nobody can find him.

"I went to a lawyer, who told me the Pennsylvania contract was valid

and Johnson couldn't fight for any one without my supervision and consent. Next I went to Frank Wiener, head of the Pennsylvania Commission. I told him about Taylor's offer of a 25¢ split for the duration of the contract and asked his advice. The Commissioner said he considered Taylor a man of his word. That he'd pay me whatever he said he would; but that he couldn't say whether it would be wiser to stand on my contract; I would have to be the judge of that. Something that never occurred to Wiener, evidently, was that it was contrary to his own Commission's rules for Taylor to be both a manager and a promoter at the same time.

NOTHING TO OFFER

"I was in an impossible situation, and I knew it. Taylor and his *partners* had turned Johnson against me, so he wouldn't renew the New Jersey contract or the Pennsylvania one when that one expired. That meant I had nothing to offer Raft even if he got East. If I stood on my rights, Taylor would see to it that Johnson got no more fights until the contract ran out in seven months. So finally I decided to take Taylor's offer. I went up to his office to meet him and Johnson.

"Johnson was sitting on the edge of a chair, looking at the floor. I'd been a lot more than a manager to him. I'd helped him all the way through, bought groceries and clothes for his family—he has three children—and just a few months earlier I had given him the down payment to buy a house. I guess he was thinking about some of these things, because all the time I was there he wouldn't look at me—just sort of sat there hunched up, with his hands on his knees, looking down at the floor. He had never even hinted to me that he was dissatisfied with what I'd done for him. As soon as I told Taylor I'd take his offer, Taylor said to his secretary, 'Make out a check for \$700 for George Johnson.' Then, on second thought, he said, 'Make that check as a loan.' Taylor had his bookkeeper, Archie Proff, sign the new contract as Johnson's manager-of-record.

"After that, up to August 1, Johnson's purses totaled around \$15,000. As for the 25¢, I was supposed to get, I got only \$1,000."

Thus exit Donald Rettman as manager of George Johnson. But this story has a sequel of even more interest. After three more wins, the last by a knock-out against Moses Ward in April, Johnson was matched at once against the formidable Holly Mims. Rettman says:

"Taylor told me, and I believe him about this, that he never wanted any part of that match but that he had to agree to it because of pressure from Frankie Carbo and Jim Norris. Mims is owned by Carbo and Bennie Trotta. He's a fine fighter, but I'm sure Johnson could have taken him if he'd been given time to get in shape for him, and if he'd been handled correctly—but it was one of those things. Taylor had to go along. He said to me, 'It was like taking a bottle of castor oil and putting it to my lips and forcing me to swallow

to work in Johnson's corner, but Lou Gross told him he wasn't working this fight—that he'd get paid just the same, but that Jack Puggy, a character he knew, would take his place.

"All I know is that Johnson wasn't himself in the fight. The combination of bad training, goofing around in Baltimore for three days without proper supervision, and whatever else happened, made him put on a terrible performance. Mims gave him an awful beating. There was a lot of Philadelphia and Trenton money on Johnson, so the



ACTOR GEORGE RAFT has always been a boxing buff. This picture was made some years ago at Stillman's Gym when

the star "traded punches" with Alvie Stoltz. Rettman says Raft proposed a plan for "cutting up" Johnson with Frank Carbo.

it.' There was a lot of hassling back and forth over the telephone, and then both sides agreed to meet in Trenton to make the deal. Taylor went there from Philadelphia, and Carbo and a man from the IBC came from New York. One thing sort of funny was that this was the day of the Jersey primary elections, and all the bars were closed. They had figured on going to a bar across from the station, but instead of that they had to walk around the station while they reached an agreement.

"They really gave Johnson the works. In the first place, they didn't train him up to condition. Then they took him to Baltimore three days before the fight and turned him loose on his own. Baltimore is Jim Crow, so he had to stay in a colored hotel on one side of town while Lou Gross, his trainer, was at the Southern, on the other side.

"Percy Cooper, who had always been one of Johnson's seconds, came down

gamblers betting on Mims made a nice killing. Gambling—that's where the real money is in boxing."

After the fight Taylor put on a great show of being disgusted with Johnson, and went so far as to say to Rettman: "You might get your fighter back." This would have been all right with Johnson at that point. Rettman saw him alone and asked him if he would mind if he [Rettman] came back as manager or co-manager. Johnson answered, "Not at all." But Taylor's feelings mended when Johnson beat Bobby Jones in Madison Square Garden and showed that he still might have the makings of a champion.

And so Rettman—along with Howard Frader and Charles Caustin—is still out in the cold. They have plenty of company there, and can expect more as long as boxers are only pawns in the money-making operations of the fight game's monopolists. **(END)**



HALFWAY

by GERALD ASTOR

FORT WAYNE, IND.

FORT WAYNE, Indiana (pop. 135,000) is a hustling town. It is the site of the second night baseball game played under lights (1883), the long-time residence of Gene Stratton Porter, author of *A Girl of the Limberlost* and 16 other books, the world center of the gasoline-pump industry, and the home of the Zollner Machine Works, a company devoted, in the words of its head, Fred Zollner, to the "design, development, and manufacture of pistons." On the payroll of the Zollner Machine Works are 10 long, loose-limbed fellows who, on the surface of the matter, have little to do with the design, development and manufacture of pistons. These men do operate, however—and mighty effectively—as the Zollner Machine Works' basketball division. Currently they are the top team in U.S. pro basketball.

At the end of last week the Fort Wayne Zollner Pistons held a six-game lead over their nearest rivals in the National Basketball Association's Western Division, the Minneapolis Lakers. Playing against the peppy pro teams of New York, Boston and Philadelphia, the Pistons have more than held their own. Their defense has been the tightest in the league and in offensive statistics the Pistons have been third.

The Pistons, or the Z's as the natives know them, finished a poor third in their division last year. The playing personnel today is roughly the same as last year's. But the Pistons have one new asset and it has made the difference between a poor third and a front runner. The addition: a referee-turned-coach named Charley Eckman who professes to know less about basketball than his players (a patch of modesty which is entirely unjustified).

Profits in the NBA have been almost nonexistent, even for the big-city

PISTON COACH Charley Eckman, 5 feet 9 inches, gives some last-minute instructions to Don Meineke, 6 feet 11 inches, before sending Meineke into the game.

POINT IN PRO BASKETBALL

Fort Wayne's Pistons, guided by a referee-turned-coach, dominate professional basketball at midseason, and the National Basketball Association puts its best foot forward on the hardwood floor thanks to some shrewd, much-needed new rules

teams, but the Pistons this year stand to make money. One reason is the winning team. The Pistons have caught the fancy of the local citizens, who root for the Z's in Fort Wayne's imposing 9,500-seat Coliseum with the passionate intensity of undergraduates. Another spur towards the black ink has been the playing of "home" games in cities other than Fort Wayne. The Pistons drew 6,000 at Elkhart, Ind., have performed in Kokomo, Ind., and are scheduled to play two games in Miami with New York. Other clubs are using the same gimmick.

A third factor in the good gate drawn by Fort Wayne is the improvement of the professional game through some new rules.

Stalling, fouling and arguing slowed the tempo of the game last year—as millions who watched it in person and on television well remember—spectators were mistreated to the dreary sight of the leading team freezing the ball while the trailing team resorted to deliberate fouls to get a chance at ball-control. Frequent hassles over who fouled whom dragged out the game.

Ned Irish, brains *sabot* of basketball at Madison Square Garden and head of the NBA's New York Knickerbockers, says now: "We had to do something. The league couldn't have survived another season like that."

The old stalling tactics are eliminated by a new pro rule which requires a team to shoot within 24 seconds of gaining possession of the ball. Thus, a 10-point lead with two minutes to play is not safe, cannot be played safe.

Moreover, deliberate fouling has lost most of its attraction because of a new proviso that limits each team to six personal fouls per 15-minute period. Each foul after six carries with it the expensive penalty of a bonus shot.

The third new rule can best be explained by describing a recent incident at Madison Square Garden. Dolph Schayes of the Syracuse Nationals made a desperate attempt to block an

opponent's shot. Schayes thought he had succeeded in legitimately deflecting the ball. Referee Sid Borgia thought differently. He blew his whistle, called a hacking penalty on Schayes.

Livid, Schayes wharled on Borgia. "What the—" Schayes began. But he broke off in mid-bellow. Like a medieval cavalier, Referee Borgia had brought his right arm up to a vertical position and crossed it at the top with his left palm. It was professional basketball's new—and respected—"sign of the T," i.e., a technical foul for arguing with the referee. Its cost to Schayes's team: another free shot for the opponent and control of the ball. Its cost to Schayes: a \$25 fine.

The disappearance of the time-

honored privilege of arguing with an official may seem to be a lamentable loss of free speech to many but this harsh rule, harshly applied this year, has ended those awful debates which would have tried the patience of a U.N. parliamentarian.

The rule changes made the brand of basketball played today the best in the history of the NBA, but the metamorphosis of the Fort Wayne Zollner Pistons is a more complicated story.

When the season ended last year, Fred Zollner, who can truly be classified as a millionaire sportsman, decided he needed a new coach. Zollner recalled a conversation he had three years ago with a top NBA referee Charley

continued on next page

CELTIC STAR Bob Cousy takes shot at Fort Wayne basket after driving up middle. Jumping to deflect ball is George Yardley while teammate Milt Hutchins (left) watches.



BASKETBALL *continued from page 47*

Eckman. An official since the age of 17, Eckman had told Zollner that he would like to coach pro ball some day.

Pro basketball differs from the college game in that every player is an all-star. Every man can drive, play the pivot, make jump shots, set shots and lay-ups—maybe not all equally well but sufficiently so as to be a threat at all times and to be able to exchange roles with teammates instantaneously. Coaches in the NBA do not teach their men specific offensive plays aimed at setting up shots for the one or two top players as in college. Pro ball is a matter of patterns rather than clearly defined plays as in college.

For both offense and defense the important thing to know is how the opposition plays, and Charley Eckman, an NBA referee for seven years, gained an encyclopedic knowledge of the players in the league. Zollner hired him. Says Eckman: "I'm no coaching genius. Basketball is mainly the matching of personnel. I've been around and I know how the other guys play."

The 33-year-old Eckman's expert knowledge has paid off: when to substitute, who to play against whom (the zone defense is outlawed by the pros), how to capitalize on shifts in patterns.

The Pistons under Eckman play deliberate ball, shooting when they have a good shot instead of at the first opening. Under this style, Center Larry Foost, 6 feet 9 inches, has registered the best field-goal percentage in the league. Playmaker Andy Phillip works the ball down court deliberately while the Piston forwards jockey for position. "You can't win this game unless you have a good defense, and you can't defend if you just run and shoot, run and shoot. Our style is to pick and pop," Eckman says in his throaty voice. The pick-off play is a Fort Wayne favorite. Phillip will pass to his forward, George Yardley; break between Yardley and bush block the man guarding George, thus enabling Yardley to drive in behind the screen for a shot, or pass off to his opposite number, Mel Hutchins.

"C'MON WHIZZ!"

Fort Wayne got something else in Eckman besides a man who knows his basketball and the league personnel. An unabashed "holier guy," Eckman has ignited the Z's into a hustling team with as much spirit as any college squad. Coach Eckman whoops encouragement and shouts instructions constantly from the bench: "C'mon

Whizz!" (to Andy Phillip, former Illinois star). "Defense! Git back, there, let'm shoot from out there!" "Atta boy, Zazzy!" (Max Zaslofsky). "Let's crash those boards!"

Running behind Fort Wayne in the Western Division are the onetime perennial champions of the NBA, the Minneapolis Lakers. The Lakers sadly miss George Mikan who retired to the front office. Jim Pollard, Slater Martin and Vern Mikkelsen sadly miss the big fellow in the post.

Both Rochester and Milwaukee are due for rebuilding; the latter has two of the hottest rookies in Bob Pettit and Frank Selvy whom the Hawks picked up when the Baltimore Bullets fizzled out early this season.

The Eastern Division has a far closer race. The Boston Celtics and the Syracuse Nationals are battling for top honors with the New York Knickerbockers not far behind. Philadelphia's Warriors bring up the rear.

The chief attraction of the Celtics is Bob Cousy, showiest player in the league, possibly the best all-round star and certainly the highest paid (around \$18,000). The Celtics play fast-breaking basketball and it is Cousy who gets them off winging. Cousy on offense presents a fearless, candid face, eyes resolutely fixed straight ahead, his path of movement clearly indicated. Suddenly the ball whips around from behind his back to a teammate in the clear. Before the defense can recover the ball is through the basket. Or maybe Cousy innocently sets himself for a shot from outside; he springs, but instead of the ball going up to the basket he drops it behind him to a colleague who drives in behind the screen. Prettiest sight to watch is Cousy the dribbler. Changing hands, moving the ball behind his back, incredibly keeping control of the ball while dodging defenders at high speed, Cousy often drives past two or even three opponents to put the ball up.

On defense Cousy has the furtive look of a hold-up man on his first job, stalking his prey on the halls of his feet, eyes scanning right and left like a radarscope seeking potential threats, blocking shots, intercepting passes.

The other big guns on the Celtics are Bill Sharman, a sharp-shooting guard and very able foil for Cousy in working the ball up, and Don Barksdale and "Easy Ed" Macauley, both



MILWAUKEE HAWKS' Bill Calhoun drives toward Rochester basket, passes ball off to unguarded Bob Pettit (right). Twelve-foot-wide alley in pro ball opens up game.

ALL-STAR PROFESSIONALS

EAST



DOLPH SCHAYES

Syracuse Nationals forward, Schayes is 26 years old, 6 feet 8 inches tall and played college basketball at New York University. This is his 6th year in the NBA and as of last week he was third among leading scorers, fourth in rebounds.



NEIL JOHNSTON

Philadelphia Warriors center, Johnston is 25 years old, 6 feet 8 inches tall, and played college basketball at Ohio State. Winner of the individual scoring title for the past two years, Johnston was fifth in the race for this honor last week, led in points per game.



DICK MCGUIRE

New York Knickerbockers guard, McGuire is 28 years old, 6 feet tall and played college basketball at St. John's. McGuire acts as Knickerbocker playmaker and is superb at working ball in. McGuire usually leads the Knickerbockers in assists.



BILL SHARMAN

Boston Celtics guard, Sharman is 27 years old, 6 feet 1 inch tall and played college basketball at Southern California. Sharman teams with Cousy to give Celtics top back-court combination. He is deadly shot, especially from outside.



BOB COUSY

Boston Celtics guard, Cousy is 27 years old, 6 feet 2 inches tall, and played college basketball at Holy Cross. Fourth in scoring leaders this year, Cousy is a wizard at ball handling, always a leader in assists, probably best all-round player in league.

OTHER STANDOUTS

Harry Gallatin, Nat Clifton of Knickerbockers; Ed Macauley, Don Barkdale of Celtics; Paul Seymour of Syracuse; Paul Arizin of Warriors.

WEST



BOB PETTIT

Milwaukee Hawks center, Pettit is 22 years old, 6 feet 9 inches tall, and played college basketball at Louisiana State. Pettit, a rookie, has been fighting for top scoring honors with teammate Frank Selvy, averaging slightly better than 20 points a game.



GEORGE YARDLEY

Fort Wayne Pistons forward, Yardley is 24 years old, 6 feet 5 inches tall and played college basketball at Stanford where he broke records of great Hank Lunsett. Yardley also played AAU ball; specializes in jump shots, is Pistons' top scorer.



LARRY FOUST

Fort Wayne Pistons center, Foust is 26 years old, 6 feet 9 inches tall and played college basketball at La Salle. Foust is pivot man for Pistons, and a good one. He has been leading the league in field goal percentage, close to 30%, second high scorer for Pistons.



BOBBY WANZER

Rochester Royals guard, Wanzer is 29 years old, 6 feet tall, and played college basketball at Seton Hall. Playmaker for the Royals, the veteran Wanzer is topcover for his team, relies often on a two-handed shot which is set up by a screen play.



VERN MIKKELSEN

Minnesota Lakers center, Mikkelsen is 27 years old, 6 feet 7 inches tall and played college basketball at tiny Hamline (St. Paul, Minn.). Mikkelsen, leading scorer for the Lakers this year, is also a top defensive man, strong on backboards.

OTHER STANDOUTS

Andy Phillip, Max Zaschke of Pistons; Frank Selvy of Hawks; Bob Davies, Arnie Risen of Royals; Jim Pollard, Slater Martin of Lakers.

can play the pivot, hit the boards.

Syracuse depends on Dolph Schayes, third high scorer in the league, and playmaker Paul Seymour. The New York Knickerbockers continue to play spotty ball despite the presence of such veterans as Harry Gallatin, Nat Clifton, Dick McGuire and Carl Braun.

The Warriors from Philadelphia get plenty of scoring from Neil Johnston and Paul Arizin, but pro teams need five top players.

The future of the NBA is still a clouded one. The collapse of the Baltimore Bullets left a tangle of financial obligations, not the least of which is several weeks' salary owed the players.

A players' council has organized and seeks a rise in the minimum salaries (now as low as \$3,500); a guarantee that the Baltimore players will get the money owed them and a review of the fine situation. Several players, including Cousy, have contributed as much as \$200 as a result of the "sign-of-the-T" rule, and the NBA has collected a total of \$2,800 in fines. The contributors feel some curb was and is necessary on arguments with referees, but as one player grumbled, "This is ridiculous. You give a guy a little authority and he goes wild. The same thing could be accomplished by handing out two personals for arguing."

On the bright side, attendance figures around the league are beginning to creep up and several cities, notably Pittsburgh and Cleveland, might field teams in the near future.

Sportsman Fred Zollner views the situation this way: "I'm a teetotaler by choice. For me basketball also takes the place of golf or bridge. If we lose money I regard it as a normal deficit for value received—spreading an odd name like Zollner around."

Businessman Ned Irish of Madison Square Garden looks at the NBA's future this way. "It's going to be a long, hard pull but there's money in pro basketball. The struggle will be worth it."

NONILLION-TO-ONE BRIDGE MYSTERY

Those were the odds one expert quoted after this hand (right) came up twice in two hours as the British won world bridge honors in New York last week. An SI reporter tells "howdunit" but not "who"

by DAVID MAYER

THE actual odds against the British winning the world bridge championship from the U.S. were about 5 to 6. The theoretical odds against two identical hands occurring during the same evening's play were exactly 1,287,473,706,371,731,028,141,698,599,999 to 1.

Both happened in New York last week. England's crack team, already champions of Europe, defeated the top team of the American Contract Bridge League in eight sessions by a stunning 5,420 points. The identical hands came in the third session, within two hours of each other, from different decks, one green and one brown, the cards appearing exactly the same in all the positions around the table.

Although the "nonillion-to-one hand" (it actually was mediocre) did not affect the outcome of the match, the mystery almost obscured the tournament itself for the succeeding days. The British were playing brilliantly last

week (next page), but many onlookers were too busy asking very British but un-British questions to notice. Whodunit? Howdunit? Was there hanky-panky in the locked room? (Tournaments are played in both an open and a closed room.) Could it have been pure chance?

The actual circumstances were not very revealing. The third session began, as all tournament sessions do, with the players "preparing" the 10-inch-long numbered, aluminum tournament boards (center of table, below). These are delivered to the scene with fresh decks already separated into 13-card hands which are inserted in the boards' neat slots. Each competing player takes one or more of the boards that will be used in the next six or eight hands and prepares it in advance. This means removing the cards from the slots, putting them together, shuffling them, dealing them out in four new hands of 13 cards each, and returning them to the slots. When these chores



are done, the players take the lowest numbered board, draw out their hands and begin to play. You must understand that in this kind of bridge the players never shuffle, cut and deal at the table the way you do when you have a foursome in your own home.

A little after midnight on the night of the third session, the U.S.'s Alvin Roth, playing Board 75 (the 75th hand of the 224 that comprised the match), suddenly said: "Wait a minute—I've played this hand before!" A quick check showed that Board 64, played some two hours earlier and by now safely stacked away for official recording, showed exactly the same hand. There was consternation, several official huddles and, finally, a ruling that Board 75 be reshuffled, redealt and replayed in both the closed and open rooms.

The next day The New York Times quoted the odds against the appearance of identical hands as 158,000,000,000 to 1. IBM put some of its best mathematicians on the problem, and a day later they raised the ante and offered "the right answer": 1 out of 5.3645 times 10 to the 28th power.

Then Editor Alfred Sheinwald of the American Contract Bridge League's monthly *Bulletin* proved that IBM, not knowing about bridge arrangements, had forgotten to multiply by 24, which is the number of possibilities for four bridge hands to be arranged on a board (NESW, NSEW, NWES, etc.). Sheinwald's calculation of "the exact odds" was the 31-figure number cited earlier—one million plus a couple hundred octillions. Bridge expert Oswald Jacoby concurred in this theoretical estimate.

A QUINTILLION YEARS

The Sheinwald figure meant that if all the people on earth shuffled and



IN OPEN ROOM BRITAIN'S SCHAPIRO, REESE PLAY MATHE, ROSEN (FACING CAMERA)

from Johnny Genise and neither shuffled nor cut? Johnny didn't know.

An experiment seemed to be the answer. After some hours with the cards the writer tried the course of action shown in Columns 3 and 4 in the chart—and there, lying on the table, was the celebrated identical hand! Boards 64 and 75 had never been shuffled, and very likely never cut. Since there are 24 possibilities of piling the cards NESW as in Column 3 in the diagram, and there are 24 possibilities of inserting the hands ESWN in the board as in Column 4, the odds are 24 times 24, or a measly 576 to 1.

The cards could have been cut only if they happened to be cut somewhere in the deck where there was a multiple of four, counting from either end. Here the chances are 12 out of 51. This kind of cut, if it happened, would have produced the same hand, and it also would have raised the odds. But not to nonillions.

Tournament officials were inclined to accept this explanation of the "how-dunit." Alvin Landy, executive manager of the ACBL, said: "I'll tell you one thing—in the future we'll make sure the new decks are well shuffled before being put into the boards." The surprised non-playing captain of the British team, Reginald Corwen, cried: "Shocking carelessness on the part of the players!"

But which players? Who really *did* cut it?

The match records show that Boards 64 and 75 were both prepared in the closed room. Board 64 was prepared during the first half of the session; Board 75 during the second half. Who was in the locked room when both deals were done? Well, Edgar Kaplan, for one, as one of the official referees. Who else? Well, only Adam Meredith of the British team—all other players either were shifted into or out of the room.

Mr. Meredith was asked: "What is the custom in English tournaments when a player reserves a board to prepare in which one hand has the cards facing up?" Said Mr. Meredith: "Why, in England as in the U.S. and all over the bridge world, it means, of course, that the hand must be shuffled and cut."

Then Mr. Meredith added: "Our only trouble was that we didn't do that once—if you are referring to that freak hand."

The real trouble, of course, was that somebody didn't do it twice.

SEASONED BRITONS HAD TO RALLY TO DEFEAT

BRITISH



TERENCE REESE, 42, journalist, is perhaps the sharpest player on English team.



WILLIAM ROSEN, 35, Chicago-Los graduate, got Army furlough to play in tournament.



ZORIK SCHAPIRO, 45, a Lithuanian-born estate importer, is Reese's effective partner.



MILTON ELLENBY, 30, Chicago attorney, is winner with Rosen of many U.S. titles.



ADAM MEREDITH, 41, bridge teacher and author, may have dealt identical hands.



LEWIS MAYNE, 38 and close-shipped, is real estate man from Los Angeles.

KENNETH HONSTAM, 48, executive of games firm, is author of first book on Calypso.

ALVIN ROSE, bridge instructor of Washington, D.C., discovered identical hand.

JORDANIS PAVLIDIS, 51, born in Greece, owns a bus and truck business.

JOHN MORAN, salesman of Arcadia, Calif., is new member of the U.S. team.

LESLIE OGDEN, 52, is industrialist and director of large export chemical company.

CLIFFORD BISHOP, 32, Detroit bridge instructor, is former grade school teacher.

AMERICAN



THE YOUNG AMERICANS

In winning title they ended four-year reign by the U.S.

ALTHOUGH the final score of last week's contest for the Bermuda Bowl, symbol of the world bridge championship, was decisive, the play was by no means one-sided. Four men of each team played at the same time, i.e., a British N-S pair against an American E-W pair in the open room, and simultaneously a British E-W pair against an American N-S pair in the closed room. The closed room played the same boards as the open room, making possible a comparison of how the N-S and the E-W players of the same team fare on the same hand. The closed room players were held innumerate during play on the simultaneous hands. Thus in the case of the two identical hands the boards were played twice in each room, a total of four times.

The British seized a lead of 2,870 points in the opening session, but the Americans cut it to 2,060 in the second session, 1,620 in the third, 1,120 in the fourth, and in the middle of the fifth pulled even at 0-0. The Americans slipped back momentarily to minus 1,240 at the end of the fifth, but in the sixth session they rallied strongly and went ahead for the first and only time in the match by 260 points.

Then the dam burst. The British racked up 3,790 in the seventh, and in the eighth and last session they added another 1,630 points amidst some over-anxious bidding by the U.S. The biggest single-game points were made in two different hands, with identical scores of 1,530, once to the U.S., once to the British, each time as the result of a slam. Final score, 5,420 for the British team.

The U.S. won the first international championship by defeating Great Britain and Sweden at Bermuda in 1950. In 1952 the U.S. beat the Italians at Naples. A Swedish team lost to the U.S. in New York in 1953. Last year, the Americans won for the fourth straight time by defeating the French at Monte Carlo, but subsequently lost an exhibition match to the British—which accounts for the fact that the English team was favored last week. Britain will hold the world title until next January, when the winner of this year's European championship will defend against the 1955 team champions of the ACBL.

END

Engineer Interview

An directory of Lockheed engineering representatives is listed below. Engineers are invited to contact them for employment interviews.

EL PASO, Jan. 24 and 25, phone W. E. Hoffmann at 5-5661

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 27, 28, 29, phone W. E. Hoffmann, Grand 5820

CHICAGO, Jan. 31 through Feb. 3, phone W. E. Hoffmann at Franklin 2-9400

DETROIT, Jan. 24, 25, 26, 27, phone Earle Marcorio at Hotel Sheraton-Corbin

FLINT, Jan. 28 and 29, phone Earle Marcorio at Hotel Sheraton

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 24, 25, 26, phone Carl Alexander at 2-9400

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 27, 28, 29, phone Carl Alexander at District 7-2580

PITTSBURGH, Jan. 31 through Feb. 3, phone Carl Alexander at Mayflower 4-7719

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 4 and 5, phone Carl Alexander at Broadway 1-1230



Radar Search P-38



Petrol Bomber

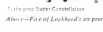


Jet Trainer



F-104

Subsonic Fighter—Photographs Classified



Turbo-prop Super Constellation

Also—Five of Lockheed's top projects

Diversification at Lockheed in California means better careers for engineers

Thirteen commercial and military models of aircraft are in production at Lockheed.

Development projects are even more diversified, include advanced versions of turbo-prop and jet transports, vertical rising aircraft, bombers and fighters far exceeding present-day planes in performance, nuclear applications to aircraft and a number of significant classified activities.

Diversification such as this is important to career-conscious engineers. It means more scope for your ability, more opportunity for promotion with so many projects in motion. It means more security—because your career is not restricted to one type of plane. Lockheed's expanding development program has created a number of new positions for engineers in Aerodynamics, Thermodynamics, Structures, Mathematical Analysis, Electronics and Design.

To Engineers who lack aircraft experience: Aircraft experience is not necessary to join Lockheed. It is your engineering degree and experience that count. Lockheed's Training Program adapts your experience and ability to aircraft work—at full pay.

Engineers interested in additional information on Lockheed's diversified expansion program—and how it can further their careers—are invited to write E. W. Des Lauriers, Employment Manager, Dept. 89-1.

Engine is for your convenience in requesting an application form and brochure describing life and work at Lockheed.

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E. W. Des Lauriers, Dept. 89-1
Lockheed Aircraft Corporation
Burbank, California

Please send me an application form and Lockheed brochure.

Name

Field of Engineering

Street Address

Phone

City and State



AT WEST POINT before 2,000 cadets Sweden's women gymnasts line up at the start of their routine. "An appreciative

audience," said one tactful officer afterward. "When cadets see women perform as well as our athletes, they really are impressed."

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERICH LESSING

MAIDS ON A MISSION

UNTIL early March, in gymnasiums and arenas from the East Coast to Kansas and Texas, visiting Swedes will be moving gracefully and with a mission: to reawaken U.S. interest in gymnastics. It has been 50 years since the U.S. won the Olympic gym title, which was taken handily in 1952 by Russia. Last season, to re-interest the U.S., Gymnastic Coach Gene Wettstone of Penn State arranged for a 16-man Swedish team—"the world's best at the sort of fast tumbling and high jumping that would appeal to Americans"—to tour the country.

The all-male show was a sellout, so this season Sweden returned bringing the best of its gymnastic ladies too. "American women do not have sufficient activities designed for women, so here was a great thing," observed Coach Wettstone, as the tumbling, swirling, split-precision Swedes drew crowds three times as large as last year. "The Russian and German women gymnasts are stronger, but the Swedes have the elegance, the grace. Their movements bring out the finer feminine features."

The women's team shows "ball routine" which brought them—**victory in 1952 Olympics. Turn the page for other samples of the gymnastic geometry of the visiting Swedish teams.**



RECEPTION COMMITTEE of cadets surmounts the language barrier to invite the touring Swedish girls to a supper party.





TEAM-PICKED MEMBERS OF TOURING SWEDISH GYMNAST TEAM PERFORM FREE EXERCISES AT SECONDARY SCHOOL IN STOCKHOLM



FREE EXERCISES SHOWN HERE ARE MOVEMENTS THAT COMBINE DANCE-TYPE PATTERNS WITH STANDARD GYMNASTIC MANEUVERS



SWEDISH-TYPE SALAAM IS THE RESULT HERE AS SIX MEMBERS OF TEAM GRACEFULLY BALANCE THEMSELVES ON THEIR FOREARMS



SYNCHRONIZED LEAP IS PERFECTLY EXECUTED AS GYMNASTS ARE ALL EQUIDISTANT FROM FLOOR AT THE MOMENT OF THE SPLIT



BACKWARD SOMERSAULT is executed by Doris Hedberg at Stockholm Central Institute for Gymnastics. She is an 18-year-old schoolgirl, is the girl at the left on *SI*'s cover this week.



SLOW RISING MOVEMENT on the bar is performed by Ann-Sofi Petersen, 20, a Stockholm elementary school gym teacher.



BRIDGE STANDING is gymnastic term for the exercise done by Maud Karlén. *SI*'s other cover girl, she is 22, a Stockholm office worker, and is considered the glamour girl of Swedish teams.

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Herman Wyatt**, long-legged former San Jose State College star now representing Armed Forces, duffed one shoe, leaped 6 ft. 10 in. for new world indoor high jump record in K of C games at Boston. ● **Albert Wiggins**, flashy Ohio State sophomore, used freestyle, butterfly and backstroke to set new U.S. and national collegiate mark of 1:25.9 for 150-yard individual medley in dual meet against Miami, O. at Columbus. ● **Ted Scherer**, 17-year-old Colleyville H.S. star, broke

national interscholastic 100-yard breaststroke 28-yard-course record for second time in week at Colleyville, Kan. Scherer's 1:00.5 against Wyandotte H.S. was full second faster than time against Wichita East, 1.2 seconds better than own recognized standard. ● **Poonia H.**, fast-moving Irish-bred chestnut colt, outran **Mix Clementine**, Duke's Lea, favored Determino, speed mile-and-sixteenth in world record-breaking 1:40.1 in \$18,100 Santa Fernando Stakes at Santa Anita, Arcadia, Calif.

BASKETBALL

Kentucky, nation's No. 1 team, got back in winning stride, rolled over over-beaten DePaul 92-79, whipped Tulane 78-44 with second-half spurt.

Marquette came from behind in last five minutes, upset second-ranked North Carolina State 68-64 for sixth in row after beating South Carolina 68-52.

North Carolina State bounced back from Maryland loss, edged Wake Forest 75-73 in overtime on **Phil Dineardo's** field goal with nine seconds left. State began week by outrunning high-scoring Furman 102-81.

Alabama beat Mississippi State 99-73, upset Auburn 39-78 for Tigers' first defeat, moved into first-place tie with Vanderbilt in Southeastern Conference.

Richmond moved out VPI 63-61, hustled William & Mary 92-71 on Ed Harrison's phenomenal shooting (13 for 17 field goals) for sixth Southern Conference win.

TU continued at top of Southwest Conference standings, trimmed Texas 79-64, moved out SMU 77-73. Dick O'Neal scored 42 points, including 18 foul shots for new circuit record, against Texas.

George Washington made bid for higher ranking, trounced VMI 104-62. William & Mary 79-63.

La Salle got unexpected resistance from Muhlenberg, went into zone defense, won 88-79, then swarmed all over Lebanon Valley 112-70 as **Tom Gola** scored 31 points, picked off 36 rebounds.

Duquesne stormed back 40-67 setback by Dayton, beat Bowling Greenham 67-56. Dick Ricketts, still hobbled by injured ankle, got only two field goals but dropped in 11 fouls and **St. Green** took up slack with 22 points. Big Ed Conlin, Ham All-America candidate, got 27.

Holy Cross's **Tom Heinsohn** collected 36 points in three games, paced Crusaders to wins over Notre Dame 93-57, Rhode Island 89-64, Boston University 58-43.

Illinois shot over Purdue's zone defense, ended seven-game Roadmaker streak 83-73, rallied in last quarter to beat Ohio State 86-78, tied Minnesota for Big Ten lead. State's **Robin Freeman**, nation's leading scorer, piled up 33 points but Illinois' little **Bill Ridley** proved too much for both rivals.

Minnesota kept pace with Illinois, knocked off Indiana's defending champion 88-74, with **Dick Garmaker** matching Don Schluend's 30-point output, rolled over Purdue 102-88.

Marquette stretched winning streak to 13, longest in nation, beat Loyola of Chicago 92-77, 89-67, upset talented Louisville 82-78.

Cincinnati surprised Dayton 85-78 after Flyers squeaked past Duquesne 68-67 on

substitute **Hay Dieringer's** only field goal of game with seven seconds to play.

Missouri outran, outshot Kansas State 94-85 in high-scoring game, but dropped to No. 8 in AP poll.

San Francisco's tight defense, ganging **Bill Russell's** scoring and rebounding earned Dons wins over San Jose State 36-30, Santa Clara 44-44, College of Pacific 62 49 and jump to No. 3 in nation.

UCLA scored double victory over Southern California, 70-67, 76-64 in torrid Pacific Coast Conference battles.

Stanford got by California 39-37, 73-67, remained deadlocked with UCLA in standings. Long set shot by **Ren Tomicic** with one second to play accounted for two-point Stanford victory; California's **Bob McKeen** scored 28 points in second game, set new four-year record of 628 for Southern Division.

Utah walloped Utah State 88-55, Montana 91 85. Sharpshooting **Art Baste** rolled up 41 points against State, set new Skyline Conference record, added 26 against Montana.

Boston Celtics hit century mark four times, powered to wins over Ft. Wayne Pistons 119-110, N.Y. Knickerbockers 116-100, 102-88, Minneapolis Lakers 109-95, took half-game lead over Syracuse Nationals in Eastern Division of National Basketball Association.

Ft. Wayne outscored Milwaukee Hawks 89-78, broke four-game losing streak, remained comfortably ahead of second-place Lakers in Western Division.

FOOTBALL

West scored 10 points in final quarter, rallied to whip East 26-19 in Pro Bowl clash at Los Angeles. Detroit's **Lavern Torgerson** intercepted East pass, ran it back 40 yards, set up winning touchdown plunge by San Francisco's bruising **Joe Perry**.

BASKETBALL'S TOP TEN

Rankings by the Associated Press writers poll. Teams standing this week with points figured on a 100-0-100 scale. (1-10) First place to 100 in parentheses.

	Points
1-Kentucky (88)	126
2-North Carolina State (8)	120
3-San Francisco (34)	120
4-La Salle (4)	103
5-Duquesne (3)	102
6-Maryland (32)	118
7-Illinois (1)	110
8-Missouri (3)	103
9-George Washington	103
10-Utah and UCLA (tie)	100

BY AP Wirephoto. 15. Alabama (7); 124, 14. Richmond (10); 11. Minnesota (1); 91, 13. Kentucky (7); 43.

Eddie Erdelatz, whose Navy team eliminated successful season, including fourth win over Army in five years, by trouncing Mississippi in Sugar Bowl, signed new five-year contract to coach Middles as reported \$17,000 per year, ended rumor of job with Los Angeles Rams.

Jack Mitchell, 30-year-old former Oklahoma quarterback who led Wichita University to 9-1 record last year, walked out on 10-year contract, was named to replace Bowden Wyatt at Arkansas.

TRACK AND FIELD

Gunnar Nielsen, 26-year-old Dane, made U.S. debut in K of C games at Boston, came from 30 yards behind with sensational final lap kick, beat Fred Dwyer in spectacular 4:07.9 mile for new meet record. Other noteworthy performances. **Charley Jenkins**, up-and-coming Villanova sophomore, charged past fading Tom Courtney of Fordham in 600-yard run, finished nine yards ahead of **Lon Jones** in 1:10. **Ren Delaney**, Irish half-mile champion now a Villanova freshman, won 1,000-yard event in 2:10.2; the Rev. **Bob Richards** cleared 15 ft. 3 1/2 in. to take pole vault. **Harage Ashenfelder** pulled away from Fred With to win two-mile run in 9:03.4. **Harrison Dillard**, veteran Olympic champion, won 45-yard hurdles in 0:55.9. **Red Richard** of Armed Forces nipped Villanova's **George Sydney** in 50-yard dash in 0:05.4.

BOXING

Rocky Castellani's hit-and-elude style tied up exasperated **Holly Mills** of Washington, D.C., gave light-punching Cleveland 12-round decision in middleweight elimination bout at Cleveland.

Dalilo Lo, European lightweight champion from Italy and second-ranking challenger for Jimmy Carter's crown, showed durability, little punching power, took 18-rounder from roughhousing Glen Plaganas of St. Paul, Minn. in first U.S. start at Miami Beach, Fla.

Sandy Saddler agreed to first featherweight title defense since 1951, signed to meet veteran **Teddy "Red Top" Davis** of Hartford, Conn. Feb. 25 at Madison Square Garden in New York.

FISHING

James O'Donnell, Chevy Chase, Md. attorney, snared eight fish and 560 points to win individual honors, led his Ocean City Light Tackle Club to team title in three-day International Light Tackle Salt-fish Tournament at West Palm Beach, Fla. De-throned champion **Ted Williams**, Boston Red Sox slugger, finished far behind with

continued on next page

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

January 21 through 30

FRIDAY, JANUARY 21

Basketball

(Leading college games)

Louisville vs. Dayton, Louisville, Ky.
Penn vs. Army, Villanova vs. Murray St., Pales-
ter, Philadelphia.
Wyoming vs. Utah, Laramie, Wyo.
(Professional)

Boston vs. Philadelphia, New Haven, Conn.
Minneapolis vs. Milwaukee, Baton Rouge, La.

Boxing

● Carmen Basilio vs. Peter Mueller, middleweights,
● County War Memorial, Syracuse, N.Y. (10 rds.),
10 p.m. (NBC).

Tennis

Orlando Open, Jr. & Boys Invitation, Orlando, Fla.
Australian championships begin, Adelaide, Vic.
Sevens, Tony Trabert entered.

Track & Field

Philadelphia Sequer Games, Philadelphia.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22

Endurance

Illinois State Open, Evanston, Ill.

Basketball

(Leading college games)

Colorado A&M vs. Utah, Ft. Collins, Col.
Cuyahoga vs. St. Bonaventure, Campus vs. Se-
na, Memorial A&M, Buffalo, N.Y.
N. Carolina St. vs. La Salle, Raleigh, N.C.
● N'western vs. Iowa, Easton, Ill., 3 p.m. (CBS)

● Temple vs. Muhlenberg, Convales Hall, Phila-
delphia, 7:30 p.m. (Mutual)
Seton Hall vs. Villanova, Penn vs. Yale, Palestra,
Philadelphia.
Tennessee vs. Kentucky, Knoxville, Tenn.

(Professional)

● Milwaukee vs. Ft. Wayne, Milwaukee
● New York vs. Philadelphia, New York, 3 p.m.
(NBC)
Rochester vs. Boston, Rochester, N.Y.

Biathlon

World championships, St. Moritz, Switzerland.

Golf

Six, Invitation Final, Sea Island, Ga.

Hockey

Boston vs. New York, Boston.
Montreal vs. Chicago, Montreal
Toronto vs. Detroit, Toronto.

Horse Racing

San Marcos Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m. (1st), 4-
yr.-olds up, Santa Anita, Arcadia, Calif.
Santa Maria Handicap, \$20,000, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds
up, Elms & mares, Santa Anita, Arcadia, Calif.

Ice Skating

Midwest Open championships, Belle Isle, Mich.
Canadian figure skating finals, Toronto.

Track & Field

Washington Star meet, Washington, D.C.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 23

Auto Racing

Int'l. sports car 1,000-mile race, Buenos Aires.

Basketball

Boston vs. Philadelphia, Boston.
Ft. Wayne vs. Rochester, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Minneapolis vs. Milwaukee, Minneapolis.
Syracuse vs. New York, Syracuse, N.Y.

Boxing

Men's & women's nat'l. individual match game
finals, Chicago.

Golf

PGA Ladies' Tampa Open, finals, Tampa, Fla.

Hockey

Boston vs. New York, Boston.
Chicago vs. Montreal, Chicago.
Detroit vs. Toronto, Detroit.

MONDAY, JANUARY 24

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Ohio St. vs. Iowa, Columbus, O.
Minnesota vs. Western, Minneapolis.
(Professional)
Rochester vs. Milwaukee, Louisville, Ky.

Boxing

● Pete Adams vs. Angelo Brisco, middleweights,
St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont).
● Paddy Young vs. Tony Johnson, light heavy-
weights, Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.),
10 a.m. (ABC).

Field Sports

Natl. Amateur Shooting Dog championships,
Somerville, Tenn.
Natl. Derby & Nat'l. Free-for All championships,
Canton, Miss.

Tennis

S Florida Tournament, W. Palm Beach T.C., Fla.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 25

Basketball

Ft. Wayne vs. Syracuse, New York vs. Rochester,
Buffalo, N.Y.

Boxing

Rino Valdes vs. Jack Flood, heavyweights, Hush-
ington, W. Va. (10 rds.).

Golf

Mid-Ocean Ladies Invitation, Bermuda.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26

Basketball

Rochester vs. New York, Rochester, N.Y.
Syracuse vs. Philadelphia, Boston vs. Ft. Wayne,
Boston.

Boxing

● Joey Giardello vs. Al Andrews, middleweights,
Mutual A&M, Norfolk, Va. (10 rds.), 10 p.m.
(CBS)
Jimmy Carter vs. Bobby Woods, lightweights
(non-title), Spokane, Wash. (10 rds.).

Hockey

Toronto vs. Montreal, Toronto.

Horse Racing

California Breeders' Champion Stakes, \$25,000
1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, Santa Anita, Arcadia, Calif.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 27

Basketball

Milwaukee vs. Minneapolis, Huron, S.D.
Rochester vs. Boston, Philadelphia vs. New York,
Philadelphia
Syracuse vs. Ft. Wayne, Syracuse, N.Y.

Curling

Fifth Annual Mixed Bonspiel, Portage, Wis.

Golf

Palm Springs Invitational, Palm Springs, Calif.

Hockey

Boston vs. Chicago, Boston.
Detroit vs. New York, Detroit.

Ice Skating

European figure skating championships, Bad-
gen.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 28

Basketball

(Leading college games)
San Francisco vs. Stanford, San Francisco.
Utah St. vs. Utah, Logan, Utah.
(Professional)
Boston vs. Syracuse, Boston.

Boxing

● George Johnson vs. Raymond Fuentes, middle-
weights, The Arena, Philadelphia (10 rds.), 10
p.m. (NBC).

Golf

PGA Sr. championship, Dunedin, Fla.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Fordham vs. Seton Hall, New York.
Illinois vs. Loyola, Chicago St. vs. DePaul,
Chicago Stadium.

Navy vs. Maryland, Annapolis, Md.
N. Carolina St. vs. Villanova, Raleigh, N.C.
● Ohio St. vs. N'western, Columbus, O., 3 p.m.
(CBS)

Purdue vs. Minnesota, Lafayette, Ind.
St. Louis vs. St. John's, St. Louis
San Francisco vs. California, Stanford vs. Santa
Clara, Cow Palace, San Francisco

● Temple vs. Penn State, La Salle vs. St. Joseph's,
Convocation Hall, Philadelphia, 7:30 p.m. (Mutual)

Vanderbilt vs. Kentucky, Nashville, Tenn.
(Professional)

● Minneapolis vs. Ft. Wayne, Minneapolis, 3 p.m.
(NBC)

New York vs. Milwaukee, New York.
Rochester vs. Philadelphia, Rochester, N.Y.

Boxing

Ray Farnoch vs. Sergio Milos, for European
featherweight title, Milan, Italy (15 rds.).

Hockey

Chicago vs. Detroit, St. Louis
Montreal vs. Boston, Montreal
Toronto vs. New York, Toronto.

Horse Racing

Santa Anita Maternity, \$100,000, 1 1/4 m., 4-yr.-olds,
Santa Anita, Arcadia, Calif.
San Gabriel Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m. (1st), 4-
yr.-olds up, Santa Anita, Arcadia, Calif.
Royal Palm Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds
up, Hialeah Park, Fla.

Ice Skating

Natl. outdoor speed skating championships, St.
Paul.

Sailing

Sir Thomas Lipton Cup, Miami, Fla.

Sliding

N. American Ski Jumping and Combined cham-
pionships, St. Paul.
USASA cross-country relay championships, Leba-
non, N.H.
Snow Cup giant slalom, Alta, Utah.

Track & Field

Boston AA meet, Boston.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 30

Basketball

Boston vs. Milwaukee, Boston.
Ft. Wayne vs. Minneapolis, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Syracuse vs. Philadelphia, Syracuse, N.Y.

Hockey

Boston vs. Toronto, Boston.
Chicago vs. New York, Chicago.
Detroit vs. Montreal, Detroit.

YOU SHOULD KNOW: if you're going to an ice hockey game

More than speed

ICE HOCKEY is one of the fastest of all games, and to many people it is exciting simply because of the speed and action involved. Basically, the purpose of the two opposing teams is to propel a black rubber disc (called a *puck*) with a flat-bladed, long-handled stick past a line running across the front of each other's goal cages. When crack professional or amateur teams play it nowadays, there is a lot more than just speed and violence involved; because it is so fast a game, its finer points are not easily spotted but they are well worth knowing and looking for.

The rink

The hockey rink, a natural or artificial sheet of ice indoors or outdoors, is usually 185 to 200 feet long, 85 feet wide, rounded slightly at the corners and enclosed by a sideboard (called the *boards*). Goals are placed at either end of the rink, at least 10 feet from the end boards. The goals are four feet high, six feet wide and backed with netting. The rink is divided, by blue lines drawn across its width, into three basic zones. The area nearest a player's goal is the defensive zone and the one nearest his opponent's goal is the attacking zone. The ice in the middle of the rink between these zones is the neutral zone.

Moving the puck

Moving the puck in hockey is restricted by the blue lines marking the attacking zone for each side. Since hockey is, like football, an "on-side" game, the puck must precede the players into the attacking zone. If a player precedes the puck into the zone his team is off-side and a *face off* is called. This maneuver involves dropping the puck between two players on opposing sides. The players try to slap the puck to a teammate to organize an attack. Ice hockey is usually played in three periods of 20 minutes each, sometimes with an extra, or *overtime*, period to resolve tie scores. A victory counts two points in hockey standings and a tie one point.

The players

There are six players to a side in ice hockey—a goaltender, two defensemen and three forwards (two wings and a center). The forwards are the attacking players. The wings are picked for speed, agility and shooting prowess. The center is the playmaker on attack, organizing sorties on the goal. Hockey calls for such sustained action that coaches usually interchange three sets of forwards during the game so as always to have fresh forwards on attack.

The play

Hockey at its peak demands marvelous skating ability. As you learn about the game you will also appreciate the importance of slick work. Watch the puck and try to follow the development of a scoring play. A cleanly executed attack set up with a series of passes is a marvel of cooperation and skill. Feinting to lure the opponent out of position for the change of direction that instantaneously follows is a highly developed art. And a good goalie at work in a mix-up provides one of the most exciting sights in sports.

Penalties

An unusual feature of ice hockey is its penalty setup. Fouls are called for tripping, deliberate injury, fighting, high-sticking, cross-checking, molesting officials and slashing, to name the most common. In general, a player guilty of a foul must spend an allotted number of minutes in the penalty box. Usually, no substitute is permitted, which leaves his team shorthanded.

Ready for the game

For outdoor hockey, dress warmly. Don't be fooled at indoor hockey either; it will be colder than you think. Your best seats are along the side near center ice. If you sit near the rink, be alert for flying pucks. And if you watch the action with a knowing eye, you'll find that ice hockey offers far more rewards than just the speed and violence so often associated with it.

by The Know-it-all



She shot the ashes off the Kaiser's cigaret

Her name was Phoebe Moore and she was born in Darke County, Ohio, in 1860, and she could shoot the head off a running quail by the time she was twelve years old.

Once, at the invitation of Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany, she knocked the ashes off a cigaret while he was holding it in his mouth.

When she out-shot the great exhibition marksman, Frank Butler, he fell in love with her and married her and they were ideally happy together for the rest of their long lives.

She could handle a rifle or a six-gun with an artistry unsurpassed by that of any human being before her time or, probably, since. And when she appeared with Sitting Bull and other notables in Colonel Cody's Wild West Shows, she thrilled your father and mother—not as Phoebe Anne Oakley Moore but as "Little Sure Shot," the immortal Annie Oakley.

Annie Oakley, the poor back-country orphan girl who made her way to worldwide fame, was the very spirit of personal independence. That spirit is just as much alive in our generation as it was in hers. It is among the great assets of our people—and our nation. And it is one very great reason why our country's Savings Bonds are perhaps the finest investment in the world today.

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TIP FROM THE TOP



from JOE NOVAK, pro at the Bel-Air Country Club

Especially for beginners but useful for golfers of all degrees of skill

IN golf, all the power generated by the body action must reach the club through the action of the hands. Many beginners fail to get the left hand placed properly and comfortably on the club. In this regard, they would do well to consider the construction of the club itself. All golf clubs are built with what can be termed a "hooked-in face"—that is, the face, the part of the club head which meets the ball, is not built truly parallel to the line of the shaft but is hooked in, as illustrated in the diagrams at the bottom of this page.

Consequently, if a golfer aligns himself so that the shaft is square to the line of flight, the face of his club will actually be pointed to the left of the desired line. Furthermore, his left hand, by being too much in front of the club, is in a weakened position for the entire stroke.

In order to correct these faults, the golfer should tilt the shaft forward—place his hands so that they ride slightly ahead of the club head, not behind it. The left hand then assumes a strong and natural position. Simultaneously, the face of the club is then poised absolutely square to the line of flight. Some beginners hesitate to adopt this alignment for fear of slicing but, actually, the incorrect position encourages slicing and the correct position does not.

below: diagram A, the hooked face of golf club; diagram B, with shaft at right angle to line of flight, club head faces to left of line



correct position, shaft tilted forward to bring the club face perpendicular to line of flight

NEXT WEEK'S GUEST PRO: JOE BELFLORE ON EXECUTING THE TRAP SHOT

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"JUST RIGHT"

"For the person who is interested in all sports, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is just the right magazine. Yet, the coverage is so complete, the person interested in only one or a few sports will find it good. It's a magazine to satisfy any sports enthusiast."

Michael Mervin,
Pittsburgh, Penna.

GOLF, a la CART

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LOW MAN

Sir:

I was disgusted by article by Robt. Hall on NCAA (SI, Jan. 3). I am the low man on the totem pole, entirely ignored by Mr. Hall, the man who watches football on TV. I live 55 miles from Purdue, 90 miles from Notre Dame, 165 miles from Northwestern, 180 miles from Illinois U. Can go to Michigan State, Michigan U., Ohio State and get home the same day; also 60 miles from Indiana U. However, I prefer my football by TV. But I don't care to look at TV and see San Diego play Kalamazoo. Which is about what you get on NCAA. Why can't the Big Ten and PCC run their own business? Who wants to see Miami play Cincinnati any time anywhere. Certainly no football fan, because they don't play football. Haven't the players nor the coach and don't know how.

BERNARD HUNAN

Lebanon, Ind.

PARDON MY TYPING

Sir:

Pardon the typing but I'm so mad that if I wrote this it would be even harder to read. This is my first letter to any magazine. . . .

I'll make it short and sweet. All year I've been watching what I consider lousy football on my precious one day a week when I can relax—with a bottle of beer and a buddy and the wife goes next door and sews, and now here it is another good relaxing Saturday, New Year's to boot, and

what the hell do they do but put all four Bowl games on!

I know that may sound foolish and I guess I should be grateful but it just makes me more conscious of all the good games those bums have made me miss!

I'm one of those crewbells that believe in things, I drink Fabat Blue Ribbon 'cause of the fights, just started making my wife buy Dial soap 'cause I like G. Gobel, etc., and I'm too lazy to write letters about it as you can see what a struggle it is.

But I've never felt so frustrated in my life and so help me if SI or anybody else wants to start a crusade or something to put those bums in their place I'll find the time to help if I have to take time off from work. . . .

I think SI is coming along fine, the latest Norris deal is a darn good fulfillment of what you said you'd stand for when you started; keep it up.

CLEFFORD STOCKMAN

Woodbridge, N.J.

A FRIENDLY NOTE

Sir:

Just finished Bob Hall's beef about TV money will wreck small schools.

I know Bob Hall and have known him since he was a boy at Roxbury Prep School at Cheshire, Conn. I can understand Bob's point, but on the other hand how about the millions of other people who cannot afford to buy tickets for big-time football games, or the sick and disabled who get much joy at looking at these games on TV. . . . Here

in my town, New York City, we only have Columbia playing big league football, and by what I hear I doubt if it pays for itself. If they were on TV every game they play they would have no losses. Fordham and NYU had to give up, but if they were allowed to have games on TV I think they would still be going. . . .

Hall and the mob at New Haven still come to my restaurant—this is a friendly note.

You are improving this gazette every week—I like it very much. I can't wait for it to come out.

JOE MADSEN

New York

WHAT, NO MINORITY?

Sir:

APPARENTLY HALL FEELS THAT A MINORITY IN NCAA HAS NO RIGHT TO EXPRESS ITS VIEWS.

VINCENT BOGARY

Washburn University

Topeka, Kansas

INJUSTICE TO THE SOUTH

Sir:

An examination of the record over the years will prove that the Southeastern Conference is the pillar of strength and repository of football power, but only one! SEC game is televised each year! Quite an injustice to organized collegiate football—to say nothing of the small colleges of which Mr. Robert Hall spoke.

BIL MULLINS

Tuscaloosa, Ala.

LEMONS IN SEASON

Sir:

Mr. Hall is fighting a losing cause and he knows it. The Ivy League, with the exception of Pennsylvania, thinks it is going to hold on to its silly Game of the Week, but it has already lost. Robert Hall may have the best interests of Yale at heart, but my interests are with the Big Ten and Notre Dame.

I am violently opposed to another football season of lemons, like the Maryland-Missouri game or Army riding roughshod over Columbia, when I can see Notre Dame playing the best teams in the nation on the same Saturday. Notre Dame stadium holds 57,000, I live 1,800 miles from it, but I like to see the team play two or three times a season.

HARRY E. LYON

San Marcos, Tex.

POT OF GOLD

Sir:

All of us, I am sure, feel sorry for the colleges, large and small, who are hit by financial troubles, forcing the schools to curtail any part of their curricula, including valuable athletic activities. We therefore should be thankful, it seems to me, when a college hits upon even a small pot of gold to help put one of its departments in the black.

Notre Dame has hit upon such a small pot of gold—and it is small compared to the expense of operating an entire university. Additional TV money would come



"I just heard an SOS!"

in very, very handy. Why should Notre Dame turn it down because other schools are not so fortunate as to possess such a source of income? Most schools have revenue sources: endowments, taxes, etc.) that Notre Dame has not. Not only its athletic survival, but the survival of the university itself was, in its early days, many times in doubt, but it managed each time to find a way out. Surely Toledo and like colleges will find a way to continue athletics if they lose football gate receipts because *their* own fans prefer to watch Notre Dame on TV.

MINA COSTIN

Patrik AFB, Fla.

A NATIONAL CONCERN

Sirs:

Mr. Hall declared that if football does not survive, then intramural and minor sports will be abandoned, since the athletic and physical training programs of most colleges are from 60% to 100% financed by football receipts. The reduction of these programs would become a matter of national concern because it would result in an even higher percentage of rejection of young men for the armed services. Several facts should be pointed out:

1) There are a number of colleges who now finance their physical education and intramural programs without any athletic gate receipts whatsoever.

2) When the University of Chicago dropped football, it continued to sponsor competition in some 14 other sports and is still doing so today. This has happened in other colleges.

3) The idea that football is a munificent provider for many other activities should be altered to fit the facts. At one large university where gross football receipts total about \$2 million, the soccer team operates on a budget of about \$1,000, and the three sports of wrestling, fencing, and gymnastics combined are allotted about \$10,000. . . .

4) The facts indicate that the more money football makes, the more is spent for football. It becomes a greedy, hungry monster which, as it grows bigger, has to eat more; and the more it eats, the bigger it gets.

I am citing these points to help keep the record straight. I fully agree with Mr. Hall's contention that the colleges need controlled television. I, too, hope that college football will not be jeopardized. But I do feel that football should stand and continue on its own two feet as a collegiate sport and not receive unjustifiable credit as given by Mr. Hall.

BRUCE L. BENNETT

Worthington, O.

WHAT IT'S GOT, IT TAKES

Sirs:

Roger Bannister's explanation of the art of record breaking (SI, Jan. 4), "It's the ability to take more out of yourself than you've got," is an excellent figure of speech.

What many people fail to realize, however, is the explanation of the art of record breaking in any line of endeavor: the ability to take out of yourself WHAT you've got.

While I'm at it, may I congratulate SI for taking out of itself so much of what it's got.

BOB SCHNEIDER

Los Angeles

SPORTSMAN OF 1952

Sirs:

I was truly pleased to see that the editors of this magazine chose Dr. Roger Bannister as the Sportsman of the Year. Besides accomplishing an almost unbelievable feat, he is also a brilliant young man and in more ways than one, a humanitarian. The choice was indubitably a wise one.

I would be greatly interested in knowing who you feel was the Sportsman of the 1952 season. My guess would be Bob Mathias.

IRA LANKOSS

Flushing, N.Y.

● But Mathias would have had to compete with Dick Button, Maureen Connolly, Bobby Schantz and Stan Musial.—ED.

OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND

Sirs:

In the Jan. 3 issue of SI there is an animated gallery of the sports headlines of '54—BUT—no mention is made of crew. What about the world's champion U.S. Naval Academy 8-oared crew, and John B. Kelly Jr., U.S. National Champion, Canadian National Champion and Mexican National Champion single-oar?

ELIZABETH STUART

Los Angeles

● Navy rowed so fast it was out of sight.—ED.

THE MOTIVATING DRIVE

Sirs:

Just a short note of praise for your fabulous magazine.

I am a student at San Diego State College where I participate in cross-country and track. I have found your complete coverage on track's immortal runners very inspirational. I'm sure other runners around the country have also been inspired by your colorful stories and I believe this is the best way to arouse interest in the sport. If we are to beat the runners from European countries there must be a motivating drive. As we learn in psychology, one of the basic drives is recognition; therefore, through articles as yours, you may be motivating countless runners in the United States, which may show up in future Olympics. As we all know, there is no short road to becoming a great runner, but with SI's help, it may become less painful and more encouraging.

DON R. FOSTER

San Diego, Calif.

LIKE IN POKER

Sirs:

It's basketball season and I see you are doing, or rather have been doing, a great job of covering Gola and Company—having been featured in your magazine twice (SI, Dec. 17, 13).

In the Jan. 10 issue—section on basketball—you stated that Duquesne's two All-Americans were better than La Salle's one All-American. Also in a poker game—a pair beats an ace high. In Kentucky at the Christmas Invitational Basketball Tournament, Gola discovered that an ace high wasn't nearly good enough to beat five of a kind. There are no All-Americans at Kentucky, but as always Coach Rupp has his boys on the floor playing golf ball all the way. Should you ever want to see present-

day college basketball at its best, I would suggest you visit with Coach Rupp and his boys.

DR. WU O. ALLEN

Pikeville, Ky.

● True, and two weeks later Georgia Tech's wild duces beat Kentucky's five of a kind.—ED.

RAH, RAH BURROW!

Sirs:

Your good story on La Salle's Gola and Company comes out on the same week as *Callar's* story on Gola. All this year it has been Gola, Gola, Gola . . . Rah, Rah, Rah!

No doubt, Mr. Gola is a good basketball player, but when he leaped up against Burrow of Kentucky he looked quite ordinary. Even little Billy Evans outscored and outplayed the mighty Gola in Kentucky's Invitational Tournament.



BILL EVANS

BOB BURROW

I am no great basketball fan. I try to see Kentucky play once a year and often miss a year. What gets under my skin is that a rather poorly rated team like La Salle should get all the national magazine publicity. Is it that the East is so proud of a winning team they cannot see past the Green Mountains?

FRED J. BIRCHARD

Liberty, Ky.

● Kentucky rates No. 1; La Salle No. 4.—ED.

SPORTS PLUS

Sirs:

As a physical education major, I would like to extend a note of appreciation for your article on Tom Gola. Your stress of this outstanding athlete seemed to be based on his refreshing personality which is, as so many people fail to realize, such an integral part of the total result. Your article reflects the best and most interesting side of sports—a reflection that is definitely essential nowadays. With all the personality parades of so many athletes, it is especially gratifying to realize that there are men like Gola who love and live the sport in its real wholesome atmosphere, not separating it or causing it to separate them from their homes, social contacts, or religion.

MARY BETH BURNS

Atchison, Kans.

SOUR NOTE

Sirs:

At the risk of striking an only sour note in an amazing unanimity of opinion I must say that there are things I do not like in SI.

The "Primely Bear Hunt" (SI, Dec. 27) was one of the biggest bores I have ever read. It had all the relationship to sports of a morning firing squad in action, and it continued on next page

had as much to do with hunting as a work-out at a Coney Island shooting gallery. Spare us further such.

We have a favor to ask. Please print this year's rushing record of Alan Ameche. We've had inebrially imprinted upon our minds what his four-year record was, but it was this year he made Back-of-the-Year, All-America, Near Athlete-of-the-Year, etc., and we're under the impression that he didn't do so well against three or four teams, particularly Ohio State and Minnesota. It has been a nice gesture, though—he's a senior now.

GENE FRIEDMAN

North Hollywood, Calif.

● **Ameche's four-year record:**

1951—824 yards.
1952—946 "
1953—801 "
1954—641 "

In the Minnesota game he had gained 26 yards when he was taken out in the third quarter with a bad leg. Ohio State allowed him only 42 yards.—ED.

UNEXPECTED

Sir:

The Dec. 27 issue of your magazine, in which was related a German boar hunt, I found particularly interesting. Articles on such unexpected sports are particular to your magazine and make it appeal even to those who are not particularly interested in sports.

HENRY G. MAGENONTZ

Newton Highlands, Mass.

THE RAIN, NOT THE BUCKEYES

Sir:

Thanks for Red Sanders' factual report and appraisal of the Rose Bowl game (SI, Jan. 10). After reading Los Angeles papers, wherein I learned: 1) that Ohio State was just plain lucky; 2) that UCLA would beat both Ohio and SC on the same day; 3) that the rain, not the Buckeyes beat SC; 4) that Hopalong Cassidy should give his All-America sweater to Jon Arnett; and 5) that the press-box roof leaks, I was beginning to wonder if I had seen live, not on TV! the same game that they had. . . .

Again, my thanks for an honest article.

BON BURNS

Phoenix

BETTER ALL AROUND

Sir:

Since the Big Ten has won eight Rose Bowl games out of nine, I think it is time to change the Rose Bowl. I think this game should feature the champion of the Pacific Coast Conference, regardless if they played in the previous Rose Bowl, against the best team from other sections, whether the team is a Big Ten, independent like Notre Dame, Ivy League, or any other conference.

This would be a better game all the way around, I think.

F. J. MILLER

Cedar Rapids, Ia.

JIMMY FOR BILLY

Sir:

RUD WILKINSON'S RE ANALYSIS OF COTTON BOWL GAME INCLUDES ONE BIG ERROR. IT'S NOT BILLY THOMPSON OF GEORGIA TECH. IT'S JIMMY THOMPSON. THIS SUPERSCAT

BACK WAS A STAR OF OUR AAA STATE CHAMPIONSHIP TEAMS IN 1951 AND 1952.

BESSIEHIE ALABAMA

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
Birmingham, Ala.

● **Thanks. Time out for substitution.**
—ED.

CLEVER IDEA

Sir:

Besides congratulating you on your fine new publication, I would also like to thank you for giving my husband an idea for his annual Christmas card! It's always a hectic last-minute affair, as Christmas is always a busy season with him and he illustrates his own card! We were really worried this year it was Dec. 16, and no idea! Then I ran across the enclosed photo in *Surprising Deer Head* (SI, Dec. 13). Enclosed is the surprising Christmas card my clever husband came up with!

MRS. ROBERT J. GANLEY

Leicester, Mass.



MR. GANLEY'S CHRISTMAS CARD

JAI ALAI IN ST. LOUIS

Sir:

Just a note to complete Octavius Cohen's article on jai alai (SI, Jan. 3).

The only building in the United States that was built for the sole purpose of jai alai exhibitions is a huge brick building on DeBaliviere Avenue in St. Louis. It was built for the 1904 World's Fair in St. Louis.

After the fair and the accompanying tourists left St. Louis, the building was converted into an ice skating rink. It is still used and is known as the Winter Garden.

PHILIP RAFFOET

University City, Mo.

● **Indeed, indeed. We have skated there ourselves.**—ED.

SCHOOL HILLS INDEED!

Sir:

The disparagement of Eastern ski areas in James Epperson's letter to you published in your Jan. 3 issue is so obviously based on misinformation that it hardly needs refutation. However, lest some be misled, let this be said:

"Denky little areas?" What areas in the United States have a greater aggregate length of downhill ski trails than Stowe? Where is there a tougher course to ski than the Fall Line at Mad River? What areas

cater to a larger number of skiers than Bromley? Where is there a racecourse more grueling than the Inferno course through Tuckerman's Ravine, with its 4,000-foot drop? "School hills!" indeed! Come East, Mr. Epperson, and see if they *are* you.

"School hills," yes. But what a schooling they give! It was on them that a good half or more of the best downhill and slalom runners this country has had were developed, from Dick Durrance, our first top-notch competitor, to Ralph Miller, who won the National downhill and combined at Aspen in 1953, Sally Neldinger who won the women's downhill and combined, Andrea Mead Lawrence, with her three Olympic gold medals, and Brooks Dodge, who was far in front of the rest of our team in the World's Championships last year. (He was fourth in the combined.)

People in the East don't have to be told that the skiing in the West is good. They know that skiing in the East is good too. Just how comparatively good, p. 63 of the same issue of SI indicates.

ROLAND PALMEDO

New York City Ski Council
New York

NO GOOF, BUT A BREAK

Sir:

I would like to congratulate you on your fine coverage. However, there is one little matter in which you goofed. I am referring to the photograph of the Little Brown Jug Running (SI, Jan. 3, Oct. 4). My father, who drove the winning horse, Adios Harry, tells me that Mark Kauffman's photograph is of a trotting race. THE LITTLE BROWN JUG IS A PACING CLASSIC.

GENE MORRIS MACDONALD

Stratroy, Ontario



● **Father MacDonald erred—possibly because one horse (far right) broke just as Photographer Kauffman snapped his picture.**—ED.

NO WOMEN?

Sir:

Listen you! If you expect women to buy and read your dilly old sports magazine, you'd better get more articles in it about women. Aren't there plenty of women in sports, such as swimming, diving, tennis, golf, etc.

J. B. GREENUP

Culver City, Calif.

● **We're listening. SI does like women**—see Jan. 3, Sheila Muldowney, Marion Ladewig; Dec. 6, Sarah Palfrey; Nov. 15, Deborah Everett; Nov. 8, Betty Meckley, Patty Berg; Nov. 1, Josephine Abernethy; Sept. 27, Gussie Moras, etc. and besides we're girl watchers (Dec. 29).—ED.



Alpine Ski Fields by A. Sheldon Prentiss

"For these crowded seconds the skier has been the master of gravity. He has tasted the sense of flight when he has dared point his skis straight and let them run, the wind whipping tears into his eyes and every nerve and muscle singing to the intense pitch of his speed . . . He may finish completely out of breath and trembling with temporary fatigue—but such is his sense of the intoxication of skiing that five minutes later he has completely recovered and is ready to climb the mountain and do it all over again."

A reprint of this painting and message, on heavy paper, suitable for framing, is available upon request. Send a postcard to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, Dept. H, 1 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

*From SKIING by Charles N. Proctor
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Spectacular new 19-ft. Capri offers flashing speeds up to 35 m.p.h.



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Chris-Craft for 1955 offer sleek new styling, spirited new power and performance. The new Freedom Fleet includes more than 33 luxurious runabouts, cruisers and yachts, 17 to 33 ft.! There are seven new Chris-Craft Sea Skiffs—husky round-bulge, lap-strake boats, 18 to 35 ft. And thrilling new Chris-Craft Boat Kits—prams, sports utilities, runabouts and cruisers! Choose also from: new big-value line of low-cost, rugged Plywood Boats—outboards, inboards, runabouts, cruisers; new Boat Trailers; powerful new Chris-Craft Marine Engines. Command a 1955 Chris-Craft now—see your dealer, or write for literature, today!

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